

MIDSTREAM

A QUARTERLY JEWISH REVIEW

SPRING, 1956

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JON KIMCHE • MARSHALL SKLARE • S. SHUNRA • HERBERT HOWARTH

From the Four Corners:

WILLIAM SCHACK • HARRY ROSKOLENKO • MIDGE DECTER • MURRAY POLNER

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Statement of Purpose

THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION has been established as an educational agency to promote the study and discussion of problems confronting Jews in the world today. Two overwhelming changes in the context of our Jewish existence—on the one hand, the destruction of one-third of world Jewry, which has erased many political and cultural landmarks, and on the other, the rise of the State of Israel, which has opened broad new horizons—call for a reexamination of basic concepts and the ways to Jewish fulfillment. Equally grave and equally difficult to answer in traditional terms, are the fateful questions that face a world aghast at the threat of its own annihilation. It is against this background that MIDSTREAM, A Quarterly Jewish Review, has been conceived.

In sponsoring MIDSTREAM, a Zionist publication, we are committed, above all, to free inquiry. We conceive Zionism as, in essence, a questioning of the Jewish *status quo*, and as a steady confrontation of the problems of Jewish existence. It is our hope that MIDSTREAM will offer critical interpretation of the past, a searching examination of the present, and afford a medium for considered and independent opinion and for creative cultural expression.

MIDSTREAM is not an official organ, nor do the publishers and editors necessarily identify themselves with views expressed in its pages. It is, rather, our purpose to enable a wide range of thought to appear in the columns of this magazine.

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A Quarterly Jewish Review

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From the Four Corners

Diary Into Drama

By WILLIAM SCHACK

WHENEVER a novel is dramatized one inevitably asks two questions: does the play measure up to the book, and is it true to its spirit? A diary is much more difficult to adapt for the stage than a novel, for it has many more "episodes," which are no more than a sentence or a paragraph long. These the dramatist must build up into scenes, sometimes by combining scattered notations which reinforce each other, sometimes by developing what the diary merely mentions or suggests. The dramatization of *Anne Frank: the Diary of a Young Girl* presented special difficulties of its own, for it tells two "stories" at the same time. The first is of the relations among a group of people arbitrarily compelled to live together in hiding from the Nazi conquerors of The Netherlands; the second is the story of a brilliant young girl growing into adolescence in this hiding-place, affected but not checked by the circumstances.

Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have honestly tried to extract the essence of both stories in their dramatization of the diary. They have skilfully selected and recast enough of its basically repetitive material, and in some cases (less skilfully) developed it, to make a viable drama with a single story line. That is a very considerable accomplishment, and with a cast which ranges from competent to excellent in Joseph Schildkraut (who portrays Anne's kindly, patient and sympathetic father), the play has pleased, and even touched, a great many people who were not familiar with the book. For myself, I only found it "a good evening in the theater."

There is something disconcerting about this—about so poignant a book becoming simply good entertainment. For nearly half its length the play is hardly more than a social comedy about eight people—two families and a bachelor—compelled to live together in narrow quarters above an office and warehouse, isolated from the rest of the community except for

brief visits by the good Dutch friends who attend to their wants. The people have little in common but the same danger of discovery, which enjoins them to silence all day long and absolute confinement to their "Secret Annex" day and night. Undoubtedly they are all aware of the inhuman force which has made hunted animals of them, but what they talk and quarrel about incessantly are the inconveniences and annoyances of their daily lives, exacerbated by personal differences. The play is largely a sequence of quarrels foolish enough to be funny; the audience sits, alerted for laughs, and the laughs come frequently. This could almost be a comedy of any people isolated in unpleasant quarters anywhere, for whatever reason.

True, the diary itself is full of diverting things. Anne writes in the beginning: "I don't think I shall ever feel really at home in this house, but that does not mean that I loathe it here, it is more like being on vacation in a very peculiar boarding-house." Later on she says (to her imaginary friend Kitty): "I have deserted you for a whole month, but honestly, there is so little news here that I can't find amusing things to tell you every day." Nor do I believe that the authors of the play wilfully suppressed the special circumstances of the hidden group. They have provided a prologue in which Anne's splendid father, the sole survivor of the group, returns "home" and is given her diary by one of their Dutch friends. They let the last of the refugees to arrive at the Secret Annex—the dentist Dussel—bring news of what is happening outside. They include the episode of a thief breaking into the warehouse to reveal the fear of detection of its inmates.

WHY, then, does the play leave one who is familiar with the book dissatisfied? I think the cause is to be found in certain simplifications and distortions as well as in the omissions made necessary by the form of the drama. The simplification of the character of Mr. Van Daan, for example, sometimes makes

what should be tragi-comedy verge on farce. In the book he is described as a former business associate of Mr. Frank, obviously a very capable man who would not be likely to tolerate such a fool around him. Van Daan is credited (as he is not in the play) with drawing up a humorous list of rules for the guidance of Mr. Dussel when he becomes a member of the Secret Annex, and of carving a Chanukah menorah for the service the group holds. But in the play he is reduced to a caricature of a man thinking only of food and cigarettes; he is made to steal food from the common stores and to be humiliated by discovery—a scene for which I can find no warrant in the book.

The treatment of the adolescent theme is also forced and simplified for dramatic purposes. Anne's relationship to young Peter Daan is slowly built up by many entries in the diary over a long period, beginning with her indifference to him, through her using him as an instrument of innocent half-love, and her return to indifference: she was too clear-headed ever to have imagined herself as really in love with him. It would be impossible to reveal all these typical but subtle stages in a play which did not concentrate on that single theme. As it is, the Goodrich-Hackett dramatization plays up one climactic scene in which the two youngsters kiss for the first time. Anne dresses up for the occasion, toying with a twin-pointed brassiere for effect—a dubious invention of the authors, for the absolutely candid, unprudish Anne would surely have admitted doing it in her diary. After the "big moment" with Peter, she wants to be alone, but in the play, going into the living room where the adults are gathered, she silently kisses them all in turn—a piece of sentimentality Anne would never have been guilty of. (To make things worse, the authors do not end the scene on this note, which would at least have been touching even if false, but have Mrs. Van Daan snort an exclamation which means, See what comes of leaving a young couple alone! It destroys the atmosphere of innocence, for a laugh.)

There is a distortion of emphasis, too, and a falsification of the diary, in a Chanukah service the shut-ins celebrate at length. In the diary, it is mentioned

in three sentences, but this brevity in itself would not make the on-stage elaboration invalid. What does this is the fact that Anne goes into great detail about an *erev*-St. Nicholas Day party the very next evening, which "was much more fun." And the following year there is no mention of Chanukah at all in the book and an extended comment on a simple St. Nicholas Day celebration. If the Chanukah party as a whole is not justified—and was brought in spuriously to appeal to religious sentiment—it resorts to a peculiar perversion of the holiday spirit in order to give Anne more prominence. "We gave each other a few little presents," she writes in the diary; but in the play she is the only one who gives presents, and to all of them, in a spirit close to showing off. The pay-off is that the writing of this scene has the quality of Sunday school entertainment.

BUT the most crucial defect of the play—that it insufficiently projects the tragedy behind the comedy—is the result of omission. Anne does devote much of her diary to the quarrels and frictions of the unhappy household. Yet she frequently notes what is happening outside. On October 9, 1942, she gives more than a (printed) page to the "dismal and depressing news" of the Dutch Jews being sent to a concentration camp; on November 9 she speaks of the British landing in Africa and Stalingrad still holding out; ten days later she reports (at greater length than the play) the news Dussel brings on his arrival; on February 27 of the following year she tells of the letter a Dutch bishop has had read in the pulpits urging the people to resist the enemy in their own way; on March 27 she notes a speech of a local German "big shot" that the Jews must be cleaned out of the various provinces on a certain schedule—cleaned out, Anne adds, "as if the Jews were cockroaches." On May 18 she "witnessed a terrific air battle between German and British planes." On December 13: "I saw two Jews through the curtain yesterday. I could hardly believe my eyes; it was a horrible feeling, just as if I'd betrayed them and was now watching them in their misery. . . ." And so on, until July 21, 1944—a few weeks before the Nazis discovered the group—when she discusses the attempt on Hitler's

life. If some of the laugh lines had been cut, especially in the first part of the play, and means devised to suggest these happenings which gave meaning to the bickerings of the eight people, the play could have been moving as well as amusing.

The authors were of course aware of the enormous vitality of the diary itself, and quoted brief passages from it intact: Anne's amplified voice is heard reading them on the darkened stage between scenes. It is amazing what force these few "bridges" possess. If longer excerpts were read from Anne Frank's diary, they might have overshadowed actors and drama.

It is the overtones of the diary that are missing in the play. Hence its thinness by comparison, and its disconcerting impression of being too much comedy. The book does record the incessant quarreling of the household which the stage sets forth ("just had a big bust-up with Mummy for the umpteenth time"), but it records much more: their daily routine, how they bathe, how they use the toilet (and what happens when, knowing strangers are below, they dare not flush it), what it meant for someone to be sick (and no doctor to be called), Dussel practicing his dentistry in the Secret Annex, Anne's studying French and shorthand, her observations on every person and event, her utter truthfulness, which compels her to tell her mother that she does not love her . . . The fullness of detail, noted objectively and yet with high spirit, the compactness and precision of phrasing (astonishing for spontaneous, *unrevised* writing), above all the evidence of a lightning mind at work—these are the things that make the diary a great work, and give its heterogeneous entries a unity more cogent than the dramatists imparted to a few carefully selected episodes. I thought that Susan Strasberg as Anne threw herself around excessively, and only on re-reading the diary did I realize that there were passages which gave some implicit sanction to her behavior. "Mummy and her failings are something I find harder to bear than anything else. I can't always be drawing attention to her untidiness, her sarcasm, and her lack of sweetness." (In the play, Gusti Huber in the role of the mother was all sweetness and understanding, as

if the authors did not give credence to Anne's portrait of her mother.) "I'm boiling with rage, and yet I mustn't show it. I'd like to stamp my feet, scream, give Mummy a good shaking, cry, and I don't know what else. . . . If I talk, everyone thinks I'm showing off; when I'm silent they think I'm ridiculous; rude if I answer, sly if I get a good idea, lazy if I'm tired, selfish if I eat a mouthful more than I should, cowardly, crafty, etc., etc. The whole day long I hear nothing else but that I am an insufferable baby, and although I laugh about it and pretend not to take any notice, I *do* mind."

Probably Anne did not always suppress her angry feelings, even if she was not as physically tempestuous as Susan Strasberg plays her. But even if she was, it would only mean that Anne had a greater breadth of mind and intensity of spirit than her young body could contain. These are the qualities which make the book significant; she is more herself in the book than in the flesh on the stage; and it is the thought that so free-wheeling a spirit perished like an insect which makes the diary heartbreaking reading. Lacking its evocative power, the play never induces that feeling in us.

English Jewry's Tercentenary

By HARRY ROSKOLENKO

IN connection with the tercentenary of the resettlement of the Jews in the British Isles now being observed, an exhibition of enormous scope opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London on January 6, 1956, under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, and the Right Honorable Viscount Samuel. The exhibition catalogue lists 747 items—a gathering in of Anglo-Jewish contributions to the culture of England. It ranges from the arts and the sciences to politics, religion and finance. The organizers of the exhibition have even included some old anti-Semitic cartoons.

The exhibition was divided into sixteen sections, covering the social history and political relations of the Jews from the 11th century until contemporary times. Documented with scholarly objec-

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MIDSTREAM

A Quarterly Jewish Review

YIGAL ALLON, Brigadier General in the Israel Defense Army, is a second generation Israeli and his home is in Kibbutz Genossar, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. During Israel's war of independence he commanded the forces on the southern front and defeated the Egyptians. In the Israel elections of 1955, YIGAL ALLON was elected member of Knesset, representing Achdut Avoda. This spring he has visited the U. S. on behalf of the United Jewish Appeal.

Israel at Bay

By YIGAL ALLON

AT THE height of its successful counter-attack against the Arab invaders in 1949, Israel agreed to halt the advance of its armies and to sign armistice agreements. Had we then pressed our advantage in the field, we could have achieved, besides obvious economic, geostrategical and political advantages, a definite peace treaty instead of a vague armistice. Israel consented to the armistice on the assumption that it would quickly lead to permanent peace treaties and the establishment of normal relations. Now, almost eight years later, it is obvious to the entire world that not only do the Arabs not intend to make peace, but that they have never reconciled themselves to the existence of Israel, and that under the protection of the armistice agreements they have been carrying on an active war on a limited scale. Their hostilities have assumed the following forms: (1) diplomatic ban on Israel;

(2) economic boycott; (3) blockade of the Suez Canal and the entrance to the Gulf of Aqaba to Israel vessels; (4) planned military operations along the entire length of the borders in the form of guerrilla warfare. (These operations are often misleadingly described as "infiltration.")

This combined systematic strategy of the Arab countries apparently aims to achieve a number of results: (1) to inflict large scale loss of life and property; (2) to undermine the economic structure of Israel; (3) to weaken morale in the border settlements, especially those inhabited by new immigrants, and thus discourage the settlement of unpopulated areas along the borders; (4) to discourage Jews in the Diaspora from investing in Israel, settling there, or visiting the country as tourists; (5) to maintain the initiative of attack, so that at any moment deemed convenient they could ex-

pand the guerrilla operations into full-scale warfare; (6) to force Israel to spend a disproportionate part of its defense budget on day-to-day defensive operations instead of on basic military investment such as equipment, fortifications and training; (7) to keep the so-called "Palestine Question" unsolved thus providing them an opportunity at some future date to solve it their own way.

Can such a state of affairs be described as peace, or even as a condition of armistice? Would the U. S., for instance, regard a blockade of San Francisco by a neighboring power—as Israel's port of Elath is now blockaded by Egypt—as anything less than an act of war?

The right remedy for a situation depends on a correct diagnosis and definition of it. If we are to take seriously, as indeed we should, the declarations of the Arab rulers, and the actions of their armies, the conclusion is inescapable that the Arab war against Israel has never stopped since 1948. The Egyptian government's defense before the Security Council for closing the Suez Canal to Israel ships was that Egypt was "in a state of war with Israel." The debate whether Israel would be justified in launching a preventive war is therefore a pointless one. Our problem is not only how to prevent a future, graver war, but how to end the present one.

THE ruling junta in Egypt is driven toward war by four main motives: (1) The motive of revenge for a past defeat. This is a powerful factor, especially in backward communities. Revenge is an evil and foolish counsellor, but we must not blind ourselves to the fact of its existence. (2) The desire of a semi-fascist military dictatorship to destroy the only democracy in the Middle East. Sooner or later Israel's way of life is bound to raise "disturbing thoughts" in the minds of Egypt's poverty stricken

masses. It is therefore in the interest of the ruling group to eliminate Israel. (3) The failure of the promised land and social reforms in Egypt, and the need for a large army to protect the rule of the military junta. (4) Egypt's struggle against Iraq for mastery of the Arab world.

On one hand Nasser's regime in Egypt has to distract the masses from their own troubles and from their legitimate economic and social demands; on the other hand Egypt's dictator makes little secret of his ambition to win hegemony over the entire Arab world from Morocco to Iraq and to rule this vast area as a single Arab empire. War against Israel can serve Nasser as a springboard to gain control over the other Arab countries, just as war against France served Bismarck to establish Prussia as overlord of the various German states.

Four months ago Colonel Nasser declared to an American correspondent that he could not defend Egypt with schools and hospitals, and therefore had to divert capital from improving the country's standard of living to building a large and efficient army. Who is Egypt's enemy against whom so large an army is needed, even at the expense of social reforms? Nasser knows very well that Israel is prepared to make peace, or to maintain the letter and the spirit of the armistice agreements, if these are mutually honored. His need for an enemy will lead him to invent one, in order to justify the maintenance of a large army whose real function is to maintain his regime in power and to serve as a tool for his imperial ambitions. Egypt's real enemy is her backwardness—illiteracy, poverty, disease. These enemies cannot be fought with an army. In fact, the maintenance of a large military establishment reduces the means available for combating them. Were Egypt to concentrate on this internal enemy she would quickly win not only Israel's sympathy, but also the bene-

fit of our technical and scientific experience.

But the rulers of Egypt appear to have committed themselves to a course of imperial expansion. They will not dare engage Israel in open, full-scale warfare until they feel certain of easy victory. We must not let them reach this point. A strong Israel is therefore an essential guarantee of peace in the Middle East.

Our aim is to achieve peace, not military victory, which we could have had had we wished it. The Middle East does not need more arms. Given peace, time and capital, Israel and the Arab countries could successfully confront their respective internal social problems. But recent developments seem to have made this an unlikely prospect.

IN the past few months developments along the borders of Israel have reached a peak of tension almost as grave as that in 1948. The balance of power, which was never too well-balanced even in the "good old days" of recent years, has been completely upset as a result of the enormous flow of arms to the Arab countries from all the great powers, those aligned with the Northern Tier countries as well as those backing the Egyptian bloc. All the Arab countries benefited from this flow. We pay special attention to Egypt because she is the most populous Arab country and now occupies the leading position in the Arab world.

If the situation were not so serious, one could point to some aspects of it these days that are not lacking in a ridiculous element. For instance, the theory behind the Western arming of the Arabs was based for some years on the possibility of a Soviet attack on the Middle East. Suddenly, the state against which the West armed the Arabs began itself to supply them with more and bigger and better weapons.

But whatever the comic aspects of Western fumbling, the fact remains that

today we witness a race between East and West as to which of them will give more arms to the Arabs, while Israel, the only country against whom the Arabs are arming, remains subject to an undeclared but nonetheless effective arms embargo.

The race goes on, but only one horse is allowed in the field. Should this continue, it can lead to but one end—the renewal of large-scale warfare by the Arabs.

In recent weeks I met a number of British statesmen returning from Cairo. They tried to persuade me that the Egyptian military junta had no aggressive intentions toward Israel and that the bellicose anti-Israel and anti-Jewish statements were for home consumption only. I asked them whether the Western powers would be willing to disarm and pin their faith on verbal declarations of peaceful intentions from the Soviet bloc, or vice versa. Who will guarantee Israel that the Egyptian dictator will abide by his whispered suggestions to Western diplomats, rather than carry out his solemn public promises to his own people and to the rest of the Arab world? Why should one and a half million Jews in Israel be asked to depend on Nasser's good faith, or on the "mercy" of a military clique, while fifty million Arabs (or even twenty-two million Egyptians only) must base their defense on Russian Migs, British Centurions and the support of the United States Government?

FOR a long time the Western powers assured us that the Tripartite Declaration of the U. S., England and France adequately safeguarded the security of our, and our neighbors' frontiers. But long experience has taught us that it is not those who give arms, but those who hold them, who in the end determine their use. Now the Tripartite Declaration is admitted by its own sponsors to be "without teeth." I would add that from the beginning it lacked something still

more important—sincerity. For the truth of the matter is that the tension in the Middle East is as much the result of competition between East and West as that in the Western camp itself. The cats have volunteered to guard the cream. The Czechs say that the arms they send to Egypt are "arms for peace." Both sides claim to have the welfare of the Middle East at heart. But unless this "welfare" race does not soon find expression in economic, social and cultural ways, rather than in the commerce in the implements of death, all the young states of the Middle East will be doomed to destruction by too much kindness. Moreover, any Western military intervention in case of a possible clash between Arabs and Israelis may lead to Soviet intervention and bring on a new world conflict. The Tripartite Declaration therefore has never been and cannot become a safeguard for peace in the Middle East.

Personally, I do not put much trust in unilateral guarantees. I would prefer to see all such security guarantees given by the United Nations, though even these are of dubious efficacy. We can never forget that in 1948, when the United Nations was at the height of its prestige, it could not prevent the Arab invasion of Israel. While contributing our part to increasing the authority of the United Nations as an instrument of good will among nations, we have no alternative but to rely first and foremost on our own strength. So long as Isaiah's vision of a world that has renounced war remains unrealized, it remains an axiom of history that balance of strength is one of the chief ways of averting war, and this axiom applies as well to the Middle East.

IN order to prevent a resumption of full-scale Arab-Israel war, strenuous and unrelenting efforts of statesmanship on the part of all concerned are required to end the existing state of limited hostilities. Special attention must be paid to

the tragic problem of the Arab refugees and an imaginative plan devised for compensating them, keeping in mind the scores of thousands of Jewish refugees who fled from Arab countries to Israel leaving all their possessions behind. But such statesmanship can be effective only if the Great Powers do not succumb to Arab blackmail and leave Israel short of defensive arms.

During the mandatory period, one of my jobs was to serve as *mukhtar* (a kind of public relations officer) for my kibbutz Genossar in its relations with the neighboring Arab tribes. Not infrequently I was invited by my Arab friends to mediate between feuding Arab families or Bedouin tribes. I then learned that such feuds could never be settled unless the opposing parties realized that neither side had superior strength. The Arab world, too, will become reconciled to the existence of Israel only when it is convinced that it is idle to dream of the conquest of Israel. This dream must be rooted out, and this can be accomplished by making its fulfillment impossible.

How strong do we have to be in order to discourage any attack upon us? I have referred above to the destroyed balance of strength. This does not mean that we must have quantitative equality of arms. There is a limit to the ability of a nation to put modern arms to effective use. It is therefore not true that arming Israel would mean inevitably more arms to Egypt, then more to Israel, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Egypt and the rest of the Arab world are already saturated with arms. Furthermore, the military rulers of Egypt, from their own experience, have a healthy respect for Israel's armed forces, and they well know that even if they have succeeded in lessening the corruption in the country, they haven't changed the social character of the Egyptian nation. They know that good arms in the hands of poor soldiers do not add up to victory. They therefore concentrate

on achieving, first of all, great air and naval superiority over Israel. But in this area a reasonable number of aircraft of equal quality can go a long way to prevent Egypt from attacking.

SOME weeks ago a British member of Parliament stated that Nasser explained to him that no peace was possible unless Israel surrendered to Egypt the southern part of the Negev and the port of Elath on the Red Sea. No Negev—no peace; no peace—no use of Elath by Israel; such was Nasser's argument. And in the event of peace, Nasser added, Israel would not need an outlet on the Red Sea, since it could then use the Suez Canal. So why shouldn't Israel give up the Negev and let Egypt have "territorial continuity" with her neighbors to the East?

This logic works as well in reverse. As long as there is no peace, Israel will not permit Arab transit through the Negev; and in the event of peace, why should Egypt want to go to Damascus by way of devious desert paths, instead of using the coastal railroad?

We must beware of the slogan of "territorial continuity," for it aims at more than it says. If there were peace, Arab transit through Israel would be no more a problem than American use of the Alcan highway to Alaska, assuming, of course, similar transit rights through Arab territories. The Arab rulers are thus trying to use their strength to impose territorial concessions. The blockade of Elath is directly linked to Syria's threat to resort to war if Israel were to divert the water of the Jordan for the irrigation of the Negev, and both aim to convince Israel to give up the Negev, for without water (and the use of Elath) the Negev would lose much of its economic importance (though its strategic value and its natural resources remain vital).

In my opinion this Arab pressure must be met otherwise: lift the blockade of

Elath and bring the Jordan's water to the Negev, with Arab agreement if possible, without it if necessary. For without the Negev there is no Israel. The Negev comprises more than half of the tiny and already twice amputated Eretz Yisrael. It is the only part of the country which has reasonable depth and space and their consequent economic and defensive significance, since the rest of the country consists of a mere narrow strip. Given water, the Negev can absorb thousands of families in agriculture and other thousands in mining and industry. Elath is the gate to East Africa, South Africa and Asia, which are able and willing to take the present and future industrial production of the Negev. The Negev is Israel's future. Without it Israel would be little more than a city-state around Tel Aviv, and non-viable.

THE recent suggestion of a western diplomat that two extraterritorial roads be constructed through the Negev, one to connect Egypt with Trans-Jordan and the other the port of Elath with northern Israel, with what has been called a "kissing point" where the two roads intersect, may sound very romantic but it would be the kiss of death so far as Israel's ownership of the Negev is concerned. And it is regrettable that every so often Western diplomats recommend, albeit vaguely, territorial concessions from Israel. This course can only serve to encourage Arab hopes for the dismemberment of the country.

It is strange and depressing how soon the tragic lesson of Munich and the cession of the Sudetenland has been forgotten by the powers. But we, the remainder of the Jewish people, cannot forget it. We will never give up the Negev, even if this were to mean a full-scale Arab attack. We have no expansionist ambitions. But I would warn Colonel Nasser, whom I had the pleasure of meeting one day in 1948 in the Negev, when his forces were

surrounded by ours and only the intervention of the United Nations saved them from total defeat, that if he or any other Arab ruler uses force to try to shift the present borders, the borders may indeed shift, but in the opposite direction and back to their natural historic position. I would like to remind him of our conversation at that time when he and his colleagues admitted that they were fighting an unjustified war against the wrong people and that the real enemy was social backwardness and foreign domination. I would also like to remind him, soldier to soldier, of the thousands of Egyptians who lost their lives in the desert in an unjust and unprovoked invasion. It is a great pity for both sides to waste their substance on arms when they could much better apply it to more useful social purposes. Nasser must also be made aware that his end may well be like that of his predecessor, King Farouk, if he persists in the policy of aggression.

For economic as well as security reasons, it is urgent that the Negev be settled densely from Beer Sheba to Elath. We must not be too alarmed by Syria's threat regarding the diversion of the waters of the Jordan for the irrigation of the Negev. Panic never serves any useful purpose, and furthermore, should Syria decide to attack, she will not be deterred by the lack of an alibi. We must therefore calmly proceed with our work of reconstruction, for it seems that we are destined, as in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah, to do our work with one hand and to hold a weapon with the other.

OUR situation in the international arena is far from a happy one at this time. But we can recall better days, and there is some ground to hope for their return. In any event, we must not let our present isolation discourage us too much, nor must Jews all over the world be too impressed by the recent censures of Israel in the United Nations. It is distressing

that for reasons of power politics the Great Powers have seen fit to make no distinction between aggressor and victim and lavished condemnation on Israel. But with all due respect for the United Nations it is better to be censured by it and live, than to be praised and be dead. We cannot be expected to renounce the use of our armed forces for our self-defense. Our military actions across the borders are neither reprisals nor retaliation. We do not seek revenge. They are no more than counter-attacks, and as such a legitimate defensive necessity. It is regrettable that many people, including United Nations officials, fail to distinguish between acts of aggression and those of defense and tend to take a legalistic attitude toward border incidents, virtually renouncing the function of guardians of the peace and acting more like a team of bookkeepers busy balancing the monthly account of attacks and casualties. The understandable attention paid to border incidents actually serves to distract the eye from the essential issue, which is peace. It is like fighting malaria with doses of quinine, instead of draining the swamps where the malarial mosquitos breed.

In order to survive, we must accustom ourselves not to be too much affected by adverse criticism which in the present instance more often than not springs from Machiavellian considerations.

SOME people are inclined to stress the gloomy aspects of the situation; others underscore such bright factors as can be found even in the present gloom. It is by far best to view the situation objectively and dispassionately. I am well aware of the serious dangers facing Israel, but I know also our ability to hold out and to solve our problems in peace or in war. We must be strong, in every sense of this term. Our strength will not only reduce the duration of war in case we are attacked, but will be the best deterrent to the outbreak of war. We must beware of

moods of panic, and shun reliance on paper guarantees, for guarantees cannot serve in place of defensive arms, while such arms can to a large extent take the place of guarantees. The United Nations and the Great Powers cannot be absolved of their responsibilities, yet it is equally clear that we may not expect help from others unless we first mobilize our own resources to the utmost. Above all we must bear in mind two basic strategic principles: (1) *we cannot afford a Pearl Harbor*, such an eventuality may lead to unheard of destruction; (2) *we must not permit the enemy to choose freely the time, the place and the method of his long-promised general offensive.*

I do not doubt the final outcome of an Arab attack on us. Israel democracy, technical expertness, fighting ability and awareness of defending a just cause are bound to win in the end. But we do not want to win a war on the bombed ruins of Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, and the fact that Cairo, too, would lie in ruins would be little consolation.

There are no desperate situations, President Roosevelt is alleged to have said, only a sense of desperation on the part of people when confronted with a serious

test. Our situation, too, need not be desperate if the necessary measures are taken. Increased immigration from the Western countries, and eventually also from the Soviet Union, as well as an intensified tempo of settlement, will appreciably bolster our defensive situation. Israel expects Jewish youth from the Diaspora—even those who do not think in terms of aliyah—to come and lend a hand for a year or two, if not in the army then as civilians in outlying settlements. I can promise them a difficult but interesting life. Israel also needs the political support of the Jews of the world for our cause, which is the cause of peace. Such support and solidarity is more important than any guarantee by the Great Powers. Granted such support by world Jewry under the leadership of the Zionist movement, Israel will survive its present political isolation. And I am convinced that the moment in which the Arabs realize that there is nothing to gain from perpetuating a festering "Palestine Question," and that they stand no chance to win victory in a war, will be the turning point toward permanent peace. To this point we must turn all our strategic and political efforts.



In recent years, and particularly since the establishment of the state of Israel, there has been a marked tendency among Jews to define themselves in religious terms only and to jettison other, for a long time popular, definitions of their identity. Many secular-minded Jews, who define themselves and their heritage in terms other than religious, now find it necessary to re-examine both their definitions and what these promise for the future in terms of Jewish group survival. BEN HALPERN, who is at present Research Associate of the Center for Middle Eastern Studies of Harvard University, is already known to readers of MIDSTREAM for his essay, "America is Different," which appeared in our first issue.

Apologia Contra Rabbines

By BEN HALPERN

I KEEP having the strange experience these days of finding myself talked at when I open a journal of Jewish discussion. Not talked to—talked at; I might even say scolded. Somehow I can't believe I deserve it.

I am not speaking as an individual now, of course, but as a representative type: as a "secularist," socialist, Zionist Jew. The triply qualified Jew that I represent has, I find, become a favorite target for sermons, expostulations, and re-proofs ever since the establishment of the State of Israel caused American Jews, or their rabbis and ideologists, to reopen the discussion of the Jewish problem.

As a secularist, I find myself apostrophized by Will Herberg, Jacob B. Agus and a host of others who warn me that I am headed straight for paganism, for Nazi or Communist totalitarianism, for the idolatrous absolutization and deification of man, or society, or science. It does no good to protest that I don't feel like an idolater at all. This only leads to being told that I am in a transitional stage, that my so-called non-idolatrous secularism, inherently unstable and untenable, can be maintained only because

of what I owe to inherited religious culture, that if not I, then my children or children's children, educated on secularist lines, will inevitably become idolaters—and that the only refuge is in the leap of faith to God. Even Mordecai M. Kaplan, who is considered by some to be almost a secularist himself, has this to tell me:

"... faith in the highest potentialities of human nature and persistence in activating them cannot be sustained without a religious feeling for history and the time process or without a sense of destiny which transcends the life of individuals and societies."

This is not a line of argument that could inspire discussion. The answer to it is too ready; it takes the form of a rejoinder rather than a rebuttal. For the first, automatic reaction of a secularist is to retort that *religion* inherently tends to dogmatism, hence to intolerance, persecution, and theocratic totalitarianism—and that if some "religionists" manage nevertheless to preserve a liberal tolerance, it is thanks only to the secular cultural tradition of the society they live in, for if religion were to succeed in over-

coming secularism it would inevitably lead to the anti-humanist reaction that is the natural tendency of a religiously governed society. To this, no doubt, some "religionists" would hotly reply that absolutism is only a degeneration of and a departure from true religion; at which I should then cry out that totalitarianism, as the deification of secular values, is only a perversion of true secularism. And the argument would have degenerated into a quarrel.

Accordingly, I have not the remotest intention of discussing the general problem of secularism versus religiosity.

But the argument is brought much closer to home and, moreover, based on more or less controllable sociological and historical premises when the religious exhorters apply themselves to the contemporary Jewish problem in America. American Jewry, they contend, is basically defined as a religious community. This is the way Jews are regarded by the Gentiles, and the way, too, in which they regard themselves; taking into account, of course, that a "religious community" under American conditions represents the socially accepted legitimate form for the segregation of groups that differ from the older, settled, "Anglo-Saxon," Protestant community in ethnic origin and folkways as well as in creed. But in no other form than in a religious community, they insist, can ethnic differences be maintained in America. What, then, is demanded by our "existential" situation, ask these new ideologists. Since we Jews exist in America, and can only exist in America as a religious community under the established form of religious diversity through the division of church and state, and since this is so owing to the irresistible pressure of sociological laws, it is up to us to make our "existential" status "authentic": to realize our religious calling as individuals and collectively to accept our religious mission.

The argument goes on to this further

conclusion: the chief antagonist who must be overcome so that American Jewry may live up to its mission is none other than myself—the secularist socialist Zionist. I am he who stands in the way, and I must go. To be more precise, I have two options. I am challenged to see the error of my ways and join a synagogue, or else I may consider myself to all intents and purposes excommunicated.

MORDECAI M. KAPLAN chastises me with the whips of kindness, Jacob B. Agus with the scorpions of wrath. "From the standpoint of ethical influence, which should be the true measure of religion," says Dr. Kaplan, "there is incomparably more of the truly religious spirit in the basic principles by which members of the *Histadrut* are expected to regulate their daily lives than in the most devout worship and ritual practices. But in failing to recognize this, in the inability to see those transcendental or cosmic meanings which give point to its own ethical striving, the *Histadrut* is missing its opportunity to make Zionism the kind of humanist religious movement that it must become, if Zionism is to survive." Consequently, if I reform and recognize, first, that what the secular socialist Zionists in Israel are building is, in fact, a religion and, secondly, that American Jews can and should share in that religion while permanently established in America—then I am helping the Jews individually to achieve salvation and collectively to survive. If not, then "failing a Zionist philosophy that could make a difference in the personal and communal life of Diaspora Jewry, the steadily widening cultural and spiritual gap between the Jews in Israel and the rest of world Jewry is leading both groups from frustration to frustration."

Dr. Agus, on the other hand, neither wants nor expects anything from me. When one leading Zionist, Dr. Samuel Margoshes, recently showed an inclina-

tion to take Dr. Kaplan's advice, Dr. Agus reacted with a polite letter making, in substance, the rude suggestion that such a Zionist, now that he had come to his senses, should go the whole hog and stop calling himself a Zionist. To me (that is, to Zionists who show no desire to redefine themselves as suggested by Dr. Kaplan) he says this: "*Those who have no faith in America obviously cannot be trusted with the task of building the future of Jewry in America.*" And, again: "[The community] need repudiate only such groups as negate the value of our continued existence in the Diaspora — whether in the name of a totalitarian Zionism or in the name of totalitarian Americanism."^{*}

If I may now, for a moment, revert to my individual self, the reason I find these views require discussion is that I accept in all essentials the sociological and historical premises upon which they are based. I think it is correct that a "naturalized" Jewish community in America must tend more and more to define itself as a religious community, and that its right to remain permanently distinct from the Gentile Americans is most easily recognized as legitimate under the principle of freedom of worship. That is precisely why I have so little "faith in America" as the home of a creative Jewish community and a vital Jewish culture.

It is by no means *impossible*, of course, that a secular Jewish culture, such as our parental generation knew, should continue to be maintained in America. Yiddish, among other minority cultures, has flourished particularly in this country and still sustains a literary and social vitality deserving the utmost respect. The Hebrew-speaking and Hebrew-writing circles active in America are bent upon

reproducing themselves, and one cannot safely predict their demise. America is large and free, and if any group is sufficiently devoted to a cult to contribute the necessary time and energy for its preservation, there is room for it to thrive.

To be sure, what we have in this instance is not a culture but only a cult: it is an artificial growth, and it can only complete its life cycle, run to seed, and sprout new growth if a loving hand supplies both fertilizer and topsoil, with no consideration of cost. Far from arising from the natural social conditions of our country, it requires special social conditions such as favor the segregation of a group of cultists. Such social conditions existed in the America of our parents' days because, as immigrants, their first habitat in America was the ethnically diverse immigrant ghetto. In our own largely native-born generation, which has emerged into America-at-large, religion alone establishes a natural and legitimate segregation of Jews from other Americans. Still, there is no reason why devotees of Yiddish and Hebrew culture should not by voluntary exertions maintain both the schooling and the type of segregation required to foster Yiddishism and/or Hebraism as one among America's many exotic cults.

Yet while not impossible such an effort is hardly likely to continue over a long stretch or on any significant scale. A secular cult, unable to exist by its own natural appeal, depends on ideological justification. There is ultimately only one justification for the survival of a secular cult. It can only command the enthusiasm and devotion required to foster it artificially if its adherents can believe that the time will come when their faith will prevail organically, as a natural culture. In short, a myth is required that envisions the ultimate triumphant enthronement of the cultists' exotic beliefs over historical society. In our

^{*}Everything italicized in the above quotations, by the way, was italicized in the sources, as though conveying instructions that here the sermon is to be read in a raised voice and more deliberate tempo, for emphasis.

specific case, the cult of Yiddishism in America, which once found a kind of natural habitat in the immigrant ghetto, could now thrive over the long stretch and on a significant scale among our own largely native-born generation only if it could successfully propagate the myth of an America-of-the-future based on a federalism of autonomous, secular, ethnic cultures. But we are unable to believe in such a myth for America; and the more we recognize the manifest destiny of America to be culturally federalistic on religious lines only, the less likelihood there is of working up popular enthusiasm for the cult of secular Jewish culture in America.

RELIGION stands superior to these difficulties. The very reason why religion is inherently cultist is that it is somehow above history. The religious myth is a trans-historical myth, and to have faith in it does not in any important degree require that history furnish some corroborative evidences of its probable, let alone imminent, materialization. The ideologists of a religious faith have, accordingly, a justification relatively easy to validate and popularize, and the creative devotees of the cult, while not really dependent on popular response at all, can also appeal to a response not essentially dependent on favorable conditions of immediate history and habitat. Thus, it is a fairly safe prediction that (barring catastrophes) there will "always" be something in the nature of Jewish traditional religion.

Moreover, Jewish religion does not have to rely on this exemption from the chances of history in order to survive in America. It is warranted as a legitimate American form of social diversity, and it stands in the direct line of the probable trends of contemporary history. I need not labor the point of the much-touted religious revival in this country. It is clear and accepted that for every

real enthusiast and devotee of Judaism as a cult we have a far larger actual and potential throng of "religionists" simply conforming to current conventions.

Well, then, here am I (on behalf of all the secularists, socialists, Zionists among the Jews in America), confessing that I stand opposed to this wave of the future. I do not really think that what I represent offers so serious a threat to achieving the promise of this future that it should call for the kind of hectoring tone used in the current phillipics against me. But I can well understand that there may be some nuisance value to *any* non-conformity in these days. And I admit my obligation to offer some reason for persisting as a public nuisance.

The idea that I, the secularist socialist Zionist with "no faith in the *galut*," am a threat to American Jewry is not a new complaint first uttered by the religious ideologists. The same logic and the same tone of embittered anger are quite familiar from the old polemics of the Yiddishist-Hebraist *Shprachenkampf* and I find myself responding in the same weary and exasperated way. "Why is Yiddish having such a hard row to hoe in America?" we so often heard the Yiddishists moan. "Because the Zionists persecute Yiddish in Israel and leave it no hope for survival there, that is why it is impossible to win over the youth in America for Yiddish." When Yiddishists resorted to this argument in their anguish at the inexorable decline of the cult in which their whole lives had been invested, even our understanding the psychological sources of those futile recriminations could hardly make us suffer the foolishness gladly. *We* were responsible for thwarting the Yiddishists in their campaign to capture the hearts of American youth? Never were we aware of such influence over young America. But now the religious ideologists, riding their wave of the future, come too and complain that the pessimism of us here, the American secu-

larist socialist Zionist *galut* negators, and of Ben Gurion in Israel, this is what is destroying the confidence upon which rests the whole future of American Jewry. Isn't this really too much? With the whole institutional set-up of America guaranteeing the viability and prevalence of their point of view, why do they still have to have us as their scapegoats? What are *they* afraid of?

BUT if I look closer at some of these writings, I see that the authors really are afraid, just as I am, and for just the same reasons. If they are angry at me, it is because I coldly entertain the very fears they are so hotly trying to overcome or repress. "Jews at present resemble a demobilized army," says Dr. Kaplan. ". . . With the decay of supernaturalistic religion as a uniting bond, no other inner cohesive force has thus far been generated. Jewish unity, whatever of it still exists, is buttressed from *without* by the Christian tradition and by its offspring Anti-Semitism, but its *inner* supports are crumbling." In order to escape from their "spiritual isolation and moral anomie," Jews "desperately" build synagogues and religious schools. They face "inevitable frustrations" in their flight to religion, because "though their spiritual leaders have long abandoned supernaturalism they have not replaced it with any other dedicated faith." As for the schools, "the number of men and women . . . *qualified* to teach Jewish subject matter is shockingly small," and so low do American parents rate the degree of Jewish culture they need to transmit to their children that attendance is low, brief, and perfunctory: "The Jewish religious schools are like the subway trains, always full, with people constantly getting on and getting off at every station." What wonder then that the most gifted spirits among American Jews cannot "be associated with any type of normative Judaism," that "few of our bright

young Jews are really interested in Judaism or Jewish culture," and that even among the "synagogued Jews there are few who really live the Judaism that they profess to believe in." In other words, Dr. Kaplan does not feel comfortable sitting on the wave of the future; he is all too painfully aware that it is just so much froth and water. He is not content with having so many Jews come to roost under the wing of the synagogue, for what he earnestly wishes is that he could feel them to be real Jews.

How familiar is this melancholy outlook; so like our own—and yet so different! The secularist socialist Zionist in America has long been riding an ebbing rather than a rising tide. What we see flowing away from us is all that water upon which the new religious ideology floats; but what we are left with, and what we have always had, are, as we intensely feel, real and authentic Jews.

Why do we, the secularist socialist Zionists, have the sense of being real and authentic Jews, why have the Yiddishist groups always had it, and why, for that matter, do the Orthodox in their tight ghetto have it, while the Jews who accept most unreservedly the standard of American institutions have lost that feeling? Dr. Kaplan does not ask this question, but what his answer might be is obvious enough. It emerges quite clearly from the demands he makes upon us, as well as from the proposals he makes for the reconstruction of the American Jewish community. Israel must help save American Jews, according to Kaplan, by not only living a full ethical, Jewishly inspired life-in-this-world, as it has begun to do, but by formulating its practices as principles and expressing these as ceremonies which could be adopted by the Jewish cult in America: in other words, he asks the Israelis to create that *culture* that could give body and substance and vitality to Judaism as a *cult*. The same tendency is apparent in Dr. Kaplan's pro-

posals for an "organic" Jewish community in America. He cannot be satisfied with a synagogue Judaism alone, even though (since Jewishness must be defined mainly as a cult in America) he defends the centrality of the synagogue. But, clustered around the synagogue, he demands that there be maintained in organic relationship—that is to say, in some sort of organized, democratically responsible unity—a whole array of "legislative" and administrative, social, economic, educational, welfare and civic defense activities. In other words, he wishes to give even American Jewry, as far as possible, the scope and aspect of a culture, not only a cult.

That is the crux of the question. To become a mere cult would make of American Jewry a collection of something less than real Jews; this is a truth that all these religious ideologists themselves cannot help but feel. The most consistent and ruthlessly logical partisan of the new ideological anti-Zionism, the one who is just about ready to call it by that very name, Dr. Jacob B. Agus, defines his position in these words:

"In any synthesis of national sentiments with religious values it is the latter that must be raised to the supreme level of importance; the former may be allowed but a subsidiary role, and encouraged only as they remain in accord with the standards and ideals of ethics and religion But when subordinated to higher considerations Jewish nationalism may continue to be a powerful creative force, serving the ends of Jewish religion, as it did in the past, by bringing to the aid of piety additional motivation, and by supplying foci of sentimental loyalty within the Jewish community."

These are strange and discordant notes in the otherwise almost monotonously harmonic logic of Dr. Agus' essays. But what they express is the irrepressible sense that

the price of Judaism as a pure cult is the inability of Jews to be real Jews.

A SIGNAL characteristic of the new cultist ideologies is that they are all bothered by a serious problem of definition. At least, what is characteristic is that *they* consider the question of defining "Jew" and "Judaism" to be of critical and fundamental importance—as one well may if he is dealing no longer with real Jews but with Jews who still have to be converted into the real thing. Thus Dr. Agus realizes that "the most telling objection raised against the conception of a religious status for American Jewry is the indubitable fact of its limited inclusiveness." He suggests that one could adopt "two complementary definitions" demarcating "nuclear and protoplasmic sections" of Jewry, the former consisting of strict observers, the latter distinguished from Gentiles only by the "inexorable hairline of conversion." Still, this would leave in the outer darkness of the protoplasmic section "many spiritually sensitive people unaffiliated with the synagogue, yet . . . profoundly stirred by Jewish associations"; and it would include in the inner circle of the nucleus "masses of indifferent materialists . . . cold and unmoved by any appeal to spiritual values." Nevertheless, when facts fail to accord with the definition, all Dr. Agus can suggest is that we are obliged to bring them into conformity. So seriously does he take the definition! Dr. Kaplan's view is well known. He has always felt that one could almost reduce the entire Jewish problem to one cardinal difficulty: we have lost a defined status as a community.

This is a difficulty that never really bothered the Orthodox Jews, the Yiddishists and ethnic autonomists, and the old-line Zionists, for all of these never doubted that they constituted groups of real Jews. As a result, whatever the disapproval and outright hostility each may have felt toward the other at times,

or in general to other kinds of Jews outside their own party, they never viewed them with that peculiar troubled irritability of the religious ideologists towards Jews who escape their definitions; they never doubted the validity of other Jews' credentials or the reality behind their own. There was an underlying sense of easy brotherhood towards all Jews, precisely because it was so obvious the Jews were a real thing. The Orthodox knew beyond question that all the seed of Abraham were included in the Covenant, and if they rebelled against God, they were simply bad Jews—*poshei Yisrael*—but as real as any other. The Yiddishists and ethnic autonomists were, perhaps, somewhat limited in their Jewish perception, effectively feeling as their fellow Jews mainly the Yiddish-speaking community, but though the historic bond that bound them to Sephardim or to the "assimilated" Jews of the West may have grown thin, it was of such a kind that by extension it could include them, too: if *history* made one a Jew, all who shared it were indubitably real Jews. We, lastly, the Zionists, felt most keenly the critical and problematic state of Jewish existence. We arose out of a sense of the disintegration and collapse of the Jewish people. But by our very rise, by our assertion and drive toward a common destiny, we overcame the problem in the moment of grasping it, we gave body to the Jewish people in the moment of evoking its national will—and in that moment, too, we (together with the Yiddishists) gave freedom and creative *élan* to Jewish culture.

THIS, too, is a source of great perplexity to the new religious ideologists, for it is not only "Jew" but "Judaism" which appears to them to be seriously in need of redefinition. They are afflicted here, too, by severe doubt that what really exists as Jewish religious culture is valid, and driven to anxious efforts to conjure into reality that which by

their definition Judaism ideally is. I need not quote from Dr. Kaplan, since it is well-known that his whole life has been given over to the passion of reconstructing Judaism in order to shape it into something that would fit his definition of a contemporary "salvational" system.

Dr. Agus is in the so-called right wing of American Conservative Judaism, yet he too is unable to accept Jewish tradition simply as it has been handed down to us by what Solomon Schechter called Catholic Israel—namely the consensus of generations upon generations of pious Jews. While accepting the Law as given—at least to start with—Dr. Agus refuses to accept the methods of reasoning through which the rabbis formerly derived the laws. He is very actively concerned with *rethinking* the body of law, just as is Dr. Kaplan, and he applies the same methods of thought, namely the universal logic of all men and not the traditional logic of the Talmud; he differs from Dr. Kaplan in that the aim he ultimately accepts is not "this-worldly" but (superficially, at least) "other-worldly." To be recognized by him as valid for Judaism today, any traditional practice (or proposed departure from it) must be shown to conduce toward making contemporary American Jews more pious.

Thus Catholic Israel has in effect been reduced to contemporary American Jewry—or rather, to a small committee of rabbis in the Conservative movement who undertake to revise Jewish religious culture in line with what they think is likely to make their congregations (given their temperaments, distractions, level of knowledge and commitment, and other circumstances) more pious. That there has indeed been a major shrinkage of Solomon Schechter's original (undoubtedly rather vague) conception of Catholic Israel is stated quite explicitly by Robert Gordis: ". . . Catholic Israel must be conceived of differently from hitherto accepted views. Catholic Israel embraces all

those who observe Jewish law in general, although they may violate one or another segment of it, and who are sensitive to the problem of their non-observance because they wish to respect the authority of Jewish law." What better description could one ask of Conservative Judaism in America—or, even more particularly, of the "group mind" emerging from the collective cogitations of the Law Committee of the Rabbinical Assembly? And Catholic Israel, so defined, has only one function, that of reducing the traditional religious culture of Judaism to the dimensions of a contemporary American cult.

It may be asked why I, the self-confessed secularist, am apparently so exercised over the matter? The question is certainly a fair and pertinent one. Just to make it even more pointed, let me make this further confession: I find far more *sympathiques* those ideologists of neo-Orthodoxy, like Will Herberg or Abraham J. Heschel, who try to persuade me to leap to God and land in the age-old net of *halachah* than I do the ideologists of the new Catholic Israel. For I find in the former, who seem hardly concerned with rewinding the springs of our run-down *halachic* system so that it may tell time for the new era, a breadth and freedom of culture that are, to my mind, notably lacking in the latter, absorbed as they are in tinkering with the works to make *halachah* run in a new tempo.

I say this in spite of the fact that it has been a major achievement of secularist *Yiddishkeit*, and above all of Zionism, to break the mold within which religious tradition had frozen Jewish culture, and to let the creative stream flow freely once more. We have given even to Orthodoxy a future, for the history that Zionism has made can go unmarked by no Jewish doctrine that experiences as its core the great Jewish theme of Exile and Redemption. But it was Orthodoxy that gave us a past. This past we wished to expand, to open up, to unfold, to expose to the light, to

explore and find in it colors suppressed, rebellions forgotten, nuances denied by Catholic Israel in the course of its massive flow. Upon this past we still stand and reach out to new, it may be extravagant, it may even be illusory perspectives. And they who would bring us back to it, regarding us as straying children, they, too, know that we belong together however opposed, just as we feel akin to them. For the old Jewish values were the values of a *people*, they constituted a culture—a religious culture, to be sure, but not the bare bones of a cult. The attempt to redefine Judaism as a cult, to make it over into an intelligently engineered curriculum for training in piety, to reduce it to the scale of experience of no more than the contemporary synagogue, not only in principle excludes us secularists; it constitutes an assault upon our past. Much could be said on this point, but I will only add that to a secularist socialist Zionist *galut* negator like myself, any version of Judaism which tries to dispense with the concept of Exile and Redemption from Exile is attempting nothing less than a divorce from our central historic experience as a people. Such a Judaism (if it could ever exist) would have cut itself off from its memory, and could have no Jewish future. To be sure, the awareness of Exile is today merely repressed, not effectively expunged, but even this much success of the American ideology can hardly fail to estrange us.

THE Neo-Orthodox offer me *halachah* as a mystery which they themselves do not pretend to understand, and they ask me to take it on faith, as I should God. But they offer me my Jewish past whole and complete*—and they would

*I would make this assertion even of such neo-Orthodox apologists as Will Herberg who, coming back to Judaism from estrangement, must themselves slowly acquire the whole of Jewish culture, and may, at first, fail to appreciate some of its central themes.

have me accept it with all of me, just as I am, with my sense of Exile and my will to Redemption. Orthodox Judaism is, of course, "normative," like any religious doctrine, which means that there are always some spontaneous cultural expressions that it would suppress as heretical. Moreover, in Eastern Europe the "Orthodox"*** Jews lived in a community which, because of the sluggish pulse of all history in that part of the world and because of the high degree of Jewish isolation, allowed its religious culture, intense as it was, to become hemmed in and crabbed by conventions. It was precisely this constriction against which Zionism and Jewish secularism revolted. But, however straitjacketed "Orthodox" Judaism was in Eastern Europe, it still functioned as an expression of a people, not of a union of congregations. It had in it the inherent freedom and responsiveness of a culture, not the automatism of a cult. It is not surprising, then, if after the emergence of Orthodox Jewry into the Western world, its intellectual adherents, even while taking up the old ritual life unaltered, live in free communication with all of Western culture, just as had Jews before them in Spain, Italy, the Moslem countries, and wherever the Gentiles around them had a significant culture.

IT may seem a paradox to charge Conservative Judaism and its new ideologists even by implication with being anything but completely open to all the winds of contemporary culture. Is it not, after all, their major preoccupation to pull in the slack of that cultural lag with which Jew-

ish tradition seems to be afflicted? But precisely this seems to me to be a basic error, an atrocious lapse of the instinct for culture. The Jewish religious folkways may or may not be out of tune with contemporary social conditions—if they are, rely on it that the Orthodox Jews will eventually alter them both here and in Israel by a movement almost glacial in its massiveness and imperceptibility, or, when they are good and ready, by some more abrupt transition acceptable to themselves. But what is quite clear is that these folkways cannot be incompatible with any true culture, whether contemporary or futurist. Such products of a massive cultural experience can be out of fashion culturally, just as they can be "out of adjustment" socially; but these are two distinct and separate phenomena. That a cultural expression may have gone out of fashion means that men have lost a capacity to appreciate its intrinsic merit—a merit it nevertheless still possesses, as it always has, if it were indeed ever anything more than a fashionable novelty. The time may come when new men with new capacities will appreciate it in new ways. But even when, in the autonomous development of culture itself, men turn from the old to the unexplored new—if this is a process of authentic culture, not of socio-cultural engineering—they leave intact what they reject and they simply burst beyond its bounds along a line of flight contained potentially within the parent mass.

The real root of my objections may be, of course, that the new religious ideologists cannot accept such an "aberration" as myself—at least, they cannot if they adhere rigorously to their doctrine. It may seem as though I am putting too much emphasis on what is, after all, a merely academic question, for in spite of polemics the new ideologists have always been closely connected, in actuality, with us secularist socialist Zionists; so closely, indeed, that Dr. Kaplan, for one,

***I use quotation marks around this expression because it is really a misnomer. It is my impression that it never occurred to anyone to call a particular version of Judaism "Orthodox" until Reform Judaism arose and its opponents in Central Europe adopted this name in contradistinction.

wishes to call his doctrine the "New Zionism." If there have been occasions when this group viewed some cultural development in American Jewry with a censorious eye, it was usually a development with which we, too, had scant sympathy. But the point is not only that this group occasionally did show censorious tendencies, but that censoriousness is far more characteristic of them in principle than it has ever been (or, let us hope, ever will be) in practice. For the new doctrine is normative in a much more serious sense than Orthodox Judaism ever was, regardless of the incomparably worse actual record of the Orthodox as an obscurantist force. The Orthodox normative technique used a logic and method so "unscientific" that almost anything could in theory be justified by it, no matter how much was in fact, and on non-cultural grounds, excluded. But the new ideology operates with a precisely defined objective and a rigorous method: to cut and trim Jewish religious culture to a cult whose doctrines and practices can be shown by experimental evidence and logical inference to conduce to the attachment of the average American Jew to his synagogue.

AS FOR God Himself, in whose name all the religious ideologists of whatever coloration join in chiding us, I have no doubt, on the strength of our acquaintanceship with Him through the medium of the vast, many-sided Jewish tradition, that He will be indulgent enough to let us make our way to Him through whatever detours we may each chance to find on our several routes. For it is clear enough that, in terms of normative Jewish tradition, Jewish secularism represents at least a detour, if not a total departure, from the roads upon which the Jewish people historically have sought God. What was characteristic of the Jews was that they sought God collectively, as a people, and incorporated their

joint findings in a canonical literature and a normative set of folkways. The individual God-seeker, of course, always had his place in Judaism, whether as a prophet, cabbalist mystic, or ethical and ritual rigorist. But the "religious virtuoso" among Jews not only guarded himself to an unusual degree from a break with the community; the community went with him an extraordinarily long way on the road of devotion. Jewish culture, accordingly, was a religious culture, a form of collective prayer in fact.

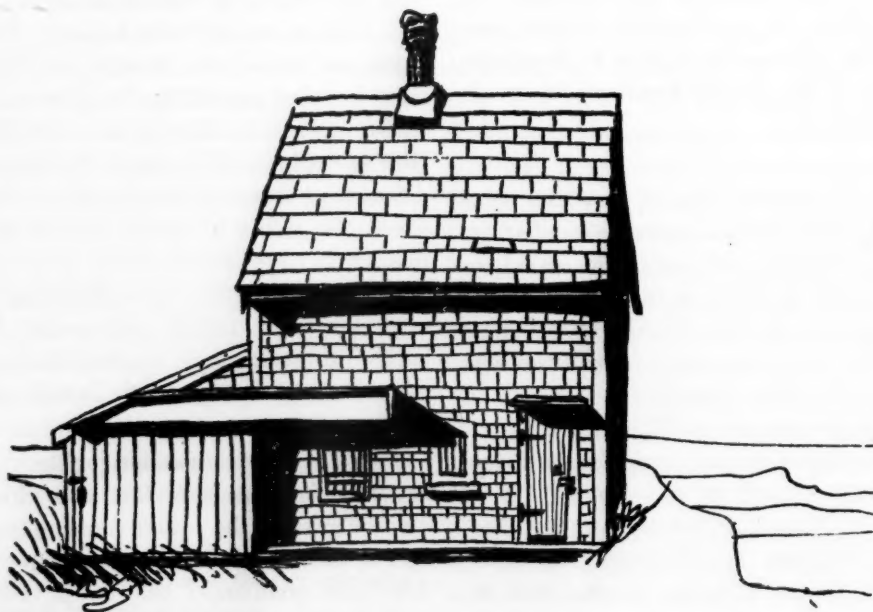
Contemporary Jewish secularism means a twofold break with this background. It means not only freeing Jewish culture from religious forms which we felt had become hidebound; it also means freeing religion from the bonds of tradition. By the latter, however, are implied not only the bonds of the tradition formed in Eastern Europe and corresponding to conditions there. Whatever religious impulse secularists experience feels itself quite as free from all those new traditions that are being reconstructed for us with scissors and paste in America. For better or worse, the Jewish secularist must find God out of his own, free individual experience. He may not even find Him as easily in the forms of Jewish tradition (and this can be true of men by whom the values of Jewish culture are profoundly experienced) as in quite unrelated forms. He may never find Him in any clear and distinct vision—but he cannot on that account abandon his Jewishness or his concern with Jewish culture!

Nothing the religious ideologists may say can affect one hard fact with which we secularists in the Jewish community—that is, we committed but extra-synagogue Jews—are continually confronted. Both by will and by force of circumstances, we are Jews, real, unquestionable Jews. In America, in the exile generally, our Jewishness has become a problem ever since its tie with God became evanescent. We

find ourselves, moreover, in the self-defeating position of turning our secular Jewishness into a cult. Only in the movement to concentrate the Jewish people in Israel do we sense a real possibility that our Jewishness may strike roots as a natural culture. But there, too, we realize that the lost tie with God stands as a challenge to Jewish culture.

What, then, is our quarrel with the American religious ideologists? Paradoxically enough (if they will only believe us) it is that they offer us God too cheaply. We do not want Him as a solu-

tion for the problem of the Jewish Diaspora in America, nor as a least common denominator to reduce the differences between Israel and the Diaspora, or between contemporary and traditional Jewish culture. To make such a use of God seems to us respectful neither to Him nor to our problems. The latter we wish to solve in their own terms. As to God, again I say, we have faith that He will be indulgent enough to let us, individually and collectively, make our way to Him by whatever detours we chance to meet on the road that we must travel.



S.T.

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My Personal, Private Seder

By GRACE GOLDIN

I HOLD a seder every year. How smug that sounds! And I don't feel smug at all, but alarmed and self-distrustful. Why, after all, do I hold a seder every year? Not on my own, but because of the merit of my ancestors, who did not chuck this Jewish tradition before they got to me. And not by myself, but because my husband's ancestors were equally stubborn, and trained him inflexibly to conduct my seder. The question I ask is this: Having had a beautiful ceremony at my disposal for as long as I can remember, what do I make of it? When I was a child the seder was a most intense experience. Yet nowadays I wonder whether or not to apply to myself a sermon Rabbi Saberski delivered on this theme: If a person who had a seder in childhood comes to the seder as a grown-up, knowing he must feel the full sense of participation *now*, either he goes away disappointed, or he still retains only the childhood.

It's hard, sometimes it seems impossible, to grow beyond the intensity of a childhood experience; on the other hand, can one come upon the seder for the first time as an adult and see it in depth? I once tried an experiment on my friend Carole Feininger; I had made some reference to my seder and she exclaimed, "A seder? Isn't that the happy occasion where you sing about a goat?" I remembered Rabbi Saberski saying, "There is

a wonderful tradition, unknown by the Jews, and there are a large number of Jews. The two go on living side by side so it seems they *must* touch!"—and I invited Carole to my seder on the spot. I personally would introduce the Jews to the Jewish tradition.

It was a mistake. Whatever the childhood experiences of Carole's husband had been, they made him squirm at our seder thirty years afterwards. Their son Arty and my son conceived a profound, instantaneous distaste for each other; Carole Feininger's face took on an embalmed expression under the flow of the Hebrew text. I had to admit, you don't prescribe a ritual like a pill. You can't swallow a seder whole—that rich, overlaid, heady rite—you have to nibble it down over a period of years. And you should start early. A large part of the significance of Passover was made quite clear to me when I was very young: not by injunctions, and not by explanations, but because the seder uses symbols, and the symbols were clear.

FIRST there was the time I was neither Jew nor non-Jew. Out of this, I came one night upon the seder, a brilliantly lit place, to discover that I was a Jew and that there were Jews with me, and there we were all sitting around my grandfather's white seder table, under the heavy crystal chandelier that crinkled

and jingled in the draft. My grandfather in a white beard, *kittel* and skullcap sat at the head, and my beautiful grandmother sat between my cousin Cyrelle and me, beating on the table with a silver spoon. "Dy-dy-enu! Dy-dy-enu!" She wanted us to join her in the refrain. We had no idea what it meant. At every beat of the song and spoon her pince-nez made a little bounce on her large and lacy front. Cyrelle and I peeped at each other and giggled like mad.

That was the bright side of my seder. It had its black side too. They sent me to open the door for Elijah the Prophet, who visits every Jewish home on Passover to share the wine. I didn't know what Elijah was doing there; I didn't learn till last year that he walks in on a misprint, as it were. There was a controversy back in rabbinic times whether one was to drink four cups of wine at the seder or five. "Let's leave the fifth cup till Elijah comes," shrugged the rabbis, meaning, "In the World to Come, of which Elijah will be harbinger, we may be able to make some sense of this." Following generations understood the statement to read, "Let's leave the fifth cup for Elijah to come for it"; so for two thousand years that fifth cup has been waiting for Elijah in the center of the seder table. Our goblet was so full, so brimful of purple wine, you couldn't tell was it Elijah who stirred it, or the wind. I watched its silver rim narrowly, ten minutes at a time. Was that a breath? Was that a ripple? I had to be extraordinarily attentive, since it stands to reason Elijah only takes the tiniest sip, he has so many other homes to visit.

But at my first, prehistoric seder all I knew of Elijah was that he comes, because they told me so. They sent me into the hall alone to open the door for him. The front hall of my grandfather's house was the width of a full room, two stories high; the front door was very tall and heavy, I very small. It was dark outside.

I swung wide the door through which they said Elijah would enter, and had not the slightest doubt he was doing so.

I was illiterate when I met Elijah, and all the more enslaved to him; I got some little power over him when I learned to read his name. But by then I was being made ready for the seder, I didn't just burst in upon it. I was being taught the Four Questions with which a seder approximately begins—approximately, I say: the few blessings and chants preceding the Four Questions last indefinitely long yet fly in an agonizingly short time for a child sitting by her father waiting to perform, crammed with Four Questions to the roots of her tongue and that tongue paralyzed. "Wherefore is this night different from all other nights? On all other nights we eat bread or matzah, on this night only matzah." I memorized the Questions with my mother every spring, forgot them over the summer, and next spring found in my mind stronger twigs and phrases on which to build. "On all other nights we eat any kind of herbs, on this night only bitter herbs." The first two Questions went easily enough, affirmative, concrete, visibly a reference to matzos and to horseradish; had it only not been for that devilish Third Question! Question Three was all negative, and in Hebrew that negative was a trap. I couldn't see it coming, since I couldn't read Hebrew yet; I could only try to catch it on the wing. "On all other nights we do not dip *not even once*, but on this night two times." Dip what? Dip which? It seemed we were perpetually dipping at a seder, onions in salt water, hard-boiled eggs in onion water, even our little fingers in the wine. This Question was a net my ancestors deliberately spread to trip me up with. By contrast, Question Four was a real pleasure, restful, redolent, trafficking in sofas and divans where children pause and flop back breathless with a beating heart, "On all other nights we eat either

sitting or leaning, but on this night we all lean." Whoosh!

To this day I can't repeat the Four Questions aloud without a quickening of the breath.

Mother taught me the Questions walking round and round the block and into Cyrelle's garden. It was hard to establish that turn into the negative, to fix it in the mind like a pattern in the flowerbeds. The Questions were like Cyrelle's four kittens, three parti-color, one black—Ickle, Mickle, Pickle, and Zilch; to make it harder Zilch came third, with his "we do not dip not even once," his unexpected right turn into the rosebushes.

SOMETIME while I was learning the Four Questions my grandfather died, the generations wheeled a notch; the next seder I recall was one in our own home, with Father conducting the service. I had learned to read, but not well enough for the Haggadah. Reading wasn't necessary, however; our text had loads of pictures in it, genuinely horrible seventeenth-century woodcuts; these taught me the seder isn't all Elijah and roses. In my book of fairy tales I had met gory illustrations, I had seen the hero's legs kicking about between the giant's teeth, or Grandma gobbled up by the Big Bad Wolf; but knew all the time, of course, one slash of the seven-edged sword would bring the hero whole out of his difficulties or Grandma from the belly of the wolf with her bonnet strings still tied. Of wholly different order was this woodcut of an Egyptian slave driver slashing out at the Israelite slave. It confirmed my darkest prehistoric premonitions. Year in, year out, the Israelite screamed to me for help, his face twisted backward like an eyeless skull. A bit further on I found Israelite babies drowning in the Nile, perfectly believable mites, though each had an empty circle for a head and two little straws for arms. Ten detailed

shots of the Ten Plagues taking effect on the Egyptians were no great comfort either. I knew the slaves were on our side of the fence and the Egyptians only got what was coming to them, but I didn't want anybody hurt. I had plenty of time to study pictures in my book during the hour-long Hebrew exposition I brought down on my head by my Four Questions. Mother paraphrased: "This night is different from all other nights because we were slaves in Egypt and now are free"; but I kept questioning, "What is he doing to the slave?" "Shhh," she would whisper. "Such things don't happen any more."

She said it to comfort me but I knew better, if not by experience, by premonition. All my black terrors were on the side of the tradition, which states, "Neither once, nor twice, nor three times was our destruction planned; in every generation they rise up against us!" Then first stirred in me that extra Jewish tentacle, groping for trouble anywhere in the world, that is with me today. If Jews are slaughtered on an obscure frontier in the Negev, the tentacle throbs. If they organize a punitive force and raid Arab territory, it grows painful and stiff. If the U. N. clamps down a condemnation on Israel, it actually bleeds. This is my sense of solidarity. It is purely involuntary.

Quite young, I got the point. You weren't allowed to shut your eyes as at the bad parts of a war picture. The Haggadah, the story of the Exodus, would be meaningless if such things didn't happen any more. The seder did serve me then as a protective shell against the world, it has done so ever since, and I think I know why: it is made of the same hard brutal stuff as the world itself. Inside the seder I may be soft and defenseless: I can't help that.

"IN every generation they rise up against us—but in every genera-

tion God delivers us from their hands." Here again I followed very well when I was young: the logic is a ruthless child's logic, like not stepping on lines in the sidewalk to avoid punishment, like spitting out the best piece of candy to keep accidents away. What you want you have to pay for in kind: and you pay most for deliverance. What price will you set on a glimpse of the Lord? My head *had* to be cramped round like the Israelite slave's, just so my imagination might be bellied out in a great image of God, "with a mighty hand, and an outstretched arm, in the midst of a great awe, of portents and of wonders." He, the Holy One Blessed be He, lived right there in the Haggadah, visibly gathering His strength from page to page, from plague to plague, and miracle to miracle. But to catch sight of Him, you had to hear about the Israelite slave.

Into the old song *Dy-enu*, doggerel that it is, is wedged this progression of the Lord from strength to strength; in its march of miracles, its fourteen deliverances, each complete and satisfactory in itself, swelling to fullness in Egypt and the plagues and the Red Sea, swelling to bursting in the desert and the giving of the Law, swelling and overflowing every coffer for gratitude in His last gift of the Land and its Temple.

Had He given us the Torah
And not brought us to our homeland
Dy-enu! It would have been enough.

Where was I at the moment of deliverance? I was too old for it, I was thirteen. I thought the *Dy-enu* childish: didn't it hark back to my earliest childhood? I condemned everybody else's seder for not being like ours and ours for being incomprehensible. I was all for editing the seder service to bring out its entertainment value: I would have kept the pleasant pantomimes, the excellent cookery and the jolly songs, but cut entirely that arid hour of exposition, the

Haggadah proper, which brought prickles to my legs. My favorite translation of the service was one distributed free by Maxwell House Coffee, that read, concerning the Jews in Jerusalem, "They bet the head and howed themselves." If you looked through it closely, there were other treasures. In more solemn, self-conscious moments I sought in the seder certain notions about freedom: I thought we should introduce into the ritual for all time the singing of "Go Down Moses"—now *there* was an implication, it sent prickles down my spine. My seder, what there was left of it, ceased to be suggestive and became completely explicit; ceased to be an experience, and became an experiment in social thinking.

But the exodus from Egypt must be the echo of what you've been experiencing all along, or it is nothing. And in adolescence my mind much preferred nothing to the old, dark, superstitious images. I really did not crave religion, certainly not one so specialized. In due time the generations clicked another notch; I married, and without further religious insight made a seder of my own. "It has given me a new outlook on life," as archy says, "see things from the under side now." Approaching the seder from its kitchen end taught me a great deal.

I HELD my first big seder in a house too small for it, where we stored four barrels of Passover dishes and pots and pans in the garage. To haul away my regular equipment and bring these in was a very heavy task. My son helped; he was three. He ran back and forth, staggering with excitement, holding the door open for a dishpan full of pot lids, talking a blue streak, asking a million questions; with each answer I taught him more about the Exodus than they would in a day of Sunday School. "Oh, Mama, what beautiful dishes, Oh, Mama!" My Passover dishes are Woolworth's best blue glass and the Dollar Store Special, white

crockery with a wine-red band. I thought with nostalgia of my mother's flowered china, its ribbons and forget-me-nots, the scalloped edges to the soup plates. Last year I mentioned to Mother how I miss her soup plates when we can't go home for Passover and she exclaimed, "Oh, those? Why, that was a very cheap set. I'm surprised it lasted so long."

It's bone of my bone china all the same.

"Two more sets of dishes!" maid after maid would cry in pain, when Passover came round. Maid after maid allowed I was crazy, dusting closets, cleaning drawers, scouring corners, scrubbing cupboards, relining shelves, toting two sets of dishes down to the basement and bringing up from the basement two more sets of dishes and pots and pans; washing these, drying them, racking them up on the relined shelves; polishing silver and dipping it in a pot of boiling water; covering kitchen tables and work space with white shelf paper, curtaining off the shelves of year-round dishes with still more white paper. There are dominions in the world, and there are dominions in the kitchen: table, meat; counter, milk. And my two broilers, of different persuasions, heat inter-faithfully side by side.

Last, I unwrap the vinegar, the beet-preserved, the sealed honey with the rabbi's signature: all the bottles in the vacuum of their sanctity. The born innocence or guilt of certain food! Which one can only discern coming upon them from the innocent side.

Passover when you don't keep kosher is like a book you want to write when you don't write it. And *kashrut*, keeping kosher, has many uses besides this of making Pesach great and glorious. Properly utilized, it can free you from excessive worry over anti-Semitism. Charge your mind with the deadlines for salting meat—crowd your shelves with four sets of dishes—guarantee that milk pottery is not wiped with the meat towel, or meat

plates dropped in the milk dishpan—you'll be so taken up with the machinery inside Judaism less of you will stick out into the world, to be rubbed raw by unkind reference.

Also, not much has been written about *kashrut* as a form of self-expression. You can use it to cuss with. My friend Bette Berenson claimed when Marvin got tangled up in hospital politics and arrived home tied in knots, she would deliberately, viciously plunge a meat knife into the heart of a stick of butter. It made her feel better. My cousin Alex's first job was with a two-bit realtor. A deputation arrived to discuss with this fellow the renewal of a lease, and the realtor had ready for them a sufficiently crooked proposition. "Watch this," he told Alex. "Watch me handle these birds." The deputation, who were no fools, disputed the deal till the realtor suddenly pushed back his chair: "Gentlemen," he said, "you must excuse me, the time has come for afternoon prayers. Why don't you discuss my proposition privately?" He retired to the corner of the room and stood with eyes shut, bending and chanting. He looked like a saint—from the back. The deal went through, and Alex went out and ordered his first ham sandwich.

"Isn't it funny? That he's a crook I don't mind," muttered Alex, maneuvering his ham sandwich with a direct and devastating aim. "Anybody I work for might put across a deal like that. But *he* does it with a benediction!"

Kashrut is the property of a pleasant closed corporation of Jews who really keep kosher homes and can feed one another. It is the politest possible ceremonial dance, everyone giving everyone else the benefit of the doubt, everyone liking to appear in this regard just a little seemlier than he is, as though he were sitting for a photograph. *Kashrut's* a relationship you enter into with things, a kind of legal rapport: for who can tell on you? Who will know? Only the pots and the

cutlery; though by this time, so charged are they with attributes of grace, you get the feeling they might well do so.

Every drop of energy that goes into the house on Passover goes into the holiday. The more wine, the more drunk; the sharper the horseradish, the more relish; and the more infinite the pains, the more Passover altogether.

IF you've given your seder lots of down-to-earth, specific labor, like chopping onions or peeling apples, not the ideas but the things you handle come alive. I arrange the seder plate so it seems like a stage, on which I show the actors to their places. Parsley, lettuce, and scallions, the green herbs, bunch together downstage left. Theirs is a supporting role; it's said they're only with us to impersonate a Roman salad. *Haroseth* plays the feminine lead: the blandest, happiest mixture of nuts, apples, cinnamon and wine, taking the part of mortar for the bricks without straw our ancestors were constrained to fashion. And some say *haroseth* carries a secondary role too, that with its apples it bespeaks a line from the Song of Songs. When the Egyptians were doing their utmost to keep the Israelite birth-rate down, they would not permit husbands to return home after work at night. So during the lunch-hour slave met slave in the orchards of Egypt, as it is written: "I have stirred thee under the apple tree."

The male star, biting horseradish, as the bitter herb, declaims the wretchedness of life in slavery, and must be freshly grated and above all not tasteless. An egg, roasted, a chicken wing seared by flame, right and left upstage, take the part of two Sacrifices: the egg the regular festival sacrifice at the Temple in Jerusalem, the chicken wing its special additional sacrifice for Passover. "Next year in Jerusalem," we intone, setting Jerusalem on a plate.

Wherever you turn in this tradition

you bump into Jerusalem. The central prayer we have to say thrice daily is simply riddled with references: to Israel; to the center of Israel, Jerusalem; to the center of Jerusalem, the Temple; and the center of the Temple, its sacrifices. What a heavy role to thrust on an egg and a chicken wing! True, the rabbis, mourning the Temple's loss, reassured each other, "We have atonement as powerful as this . . . That is, deeds of lovingkindness; as it is said, For I desire mercy more than sacrifice; and knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." Which is all very nice for daylight, but the unreconstructed dark souls of the people burst out in the prayer:

May it be Thy will, O Lord our God and God of our fathers, to lead us up in joy unto our land, and to plant us within our borders, where we will prepare unto Thee the offerings that are obligatory unto us, the daily offerings according to their order, and the additional offerings according to their rule . . .

I met a Jerusalem rabbi this year, a most learned man living in exile in New York, away from his family, whose chief ambition quite seriously it is to be appointed Ceremonial Director of the Temple in Jerusalem when it shall be restored. (Jerusalem Jews repeat at their seder: "Next year in Jerusalem rebuilt.") This man is an expert on sacrifices, on the minutest detail of the Temple ritual. He fascinates me. "Reb Avraham," I asked him, "do you even know of what the priests of the Temple mixed their incense?"

"What are you saying! It is written in our Holy Torah in every detail. These passages I know by heart!"

"Yes, the *names* of the spices. But can you correlate the names with specific plants that grow in Israel?"

"Yes, I can do this."

"So you might mix this incense exactly as it was?"

"*Halilah!* You are not permitted."

"By the Law?"

"It is a law that you may learn the components, but to mix them in incense is not permitted till our Temple is rebuilt!"

"And yet you could make the incense if you wanted to? You know the exact herbs, the amounts?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"And knowing this, you refrain? You will not permit your fingers to test, your nose to experience, the incense of our Holy Place?"

"Naturally not!"

"Because of your religion, you refrain?"

He gave me a disgusted look. "But, Mrs., this is not the only thing from which I refrain!"

I HAVE inherited from a sacrificial approach the habit of being specific in my gifts to God. I thought when I was younger you could keep the spirit of Judaism and throw out the package it comes in; but that just doesn't work. If I don't make the menfolk their seder we can talk our heads off about the Passover spirit—we won't be having any. We get nowhere without the *mitzvot*, those "minor commandments, tender as lilies, which when Israel puts them into practice, lead it to the life of the World to Come." They're the least I can do for a religion so healthy it promises me Atone-ment every year on the year and Deliverance every year on the half-year, at Passover. Now I start with the package—the laws, the ritual, the propitiatory acts—and hope when I least expect it to find a surprise inside.

"I used to like Chanukah best of all the holidays," remarked my son, "because we got presents. Now I like Pesach best and we don't get a single present. I wonder why?" I've come to see there is a present we get at the seder table, automatically; and unlike most gifts at Cha-

nukah or any other season, it's just what we need. I need it, my son does, so do the mother and daughter someone overheard on a New York bus. "Mother," asked the little girl, "was Davy Crockett Jewish?" Replied the mother, instantly, "No, dear, but Dr. Salk is!"

When I eat matzah I eat unleavened bread I baked, in utter haste, for my menfolks' first Passover. The sense of participation is what overwhelms you at a seder, and for certain Jews of the Middle Ages this was so insistent they bound burdens on their backs, ate their matzos standing, took their staffs in hand and made ready to set forth. I've celebrated a seder every year for some thirty-five years; its symbols are more profoundly part of me than either the anti-Semitism of my childhood or the recent happenings in Germany and Israel. I can just barely bear the enslavement of the Israelites and the drowning babies in the Nile; at what happened in Buchenwald and Auschwitz something inside of me goes black. I can march gaily through the wilderness to the Promised Land; I cannot grasp modern political Israel. When I chant, never having been there, "Next year in Jerusalem," I have in mind approximately the picture my maid Osie had: "I believe, don't you know," she told me earnestly, "there's holiness in little pockets of the Holy Land that hasn't entirely melted away. Not much is left after all these years, but you could find the places if you went there."

I willingly receive the Law at Sinai, perhaps because my free-swinging mind diminishes it and makes it only so much law as I can take. Even I know what the tradition meant by saying that when the Lord gave the Law at Sinai we were all there, the generations then alive and the generations yet unborn. God spoke to each of us personally. How is this possible? But as the eyes of a portrait in a crowded room seem to look directly into the eyes of each person there, so the souls

of each of us at Sinai heard the Lord say, "You."

In this context I too achieve some relationship; to what? To a God who can pick me up like a chess piece and move me from slavery to freedom? The freedom is important, the nation made ready for me is important, most important it is to fall heir without effort to a ready-made relationship with the King of Kings, the Holy One, Blessed be He. I couldn't do it on my own. At the seder, automatically, as I repeat the words of the old rite, conviction rises in me. "I was the one, I suffered, I was there." I even conceive that as memory begins to warp, I may catch myself cackling to the little ones, "Now, my dears, when I was a girl at Sinai. . ."

BUT I'm not living out my life at Sinai; and when I look around me I see Jews who, like myself, are the product of mild and almost meaningless childhood experiences that twisted us disproportionately. I don't mean the "Big Fat Jew" each of us as childhood had thrown at us dozens of times; I don't mean the threat of anti-Semitism, the "Big Fat Jew" grown more dangerous, though not more cruel. When I was five, Mother and I were travelling by train from Oklahoma to New York, and Mother fell in with a woman who—trusting to Mother's gold hair and topaz eyes—loudly complained that the beaches of New York were being overrun by Jews, vulgar, nasty, pushing people! As though hypnotized I heard Mother tell her, very softly and gently, "You know, we're Jew-

ish . . ." and something inside me twisted once.

I went to Junior High on Passover carrying matzah sandwiches, and to keep them kosher—I told myself—ate them at lunchtime on the steps outside the boys' gym, where no one would be likely to come along. A boy passed and paused; the twisted part of me turned over once again for the some-hundreth time. These memories, harmless though they sound, are really wounds; American Jewry is criss-crossed with them.

And nobody spat at me, nobody lashed out, nobody twisted my skull back like the Israelite slave's.

The only salve for cuts like these I've been able to find for myself is a sense of majority: and this time I don't mean the set-up I've fallen into in New York City, where whichever way you turn your eyes light upon a due percentage of Jews, as likely to embarrass as to comfort you. I mean a majority backward in time. "In every generation God delivers us from their hands." As I sit at the seder table I become blessedly aware of the past, like a hand smoothing away the twistedness, "a mighty hand, and an outstretched arm, in the midst of a great awe, of portents and of wonders." I look down from the ledge of the seder at an infinitely falling rope; so long as I keep looking straight down, I see only the rope. "In every generation"—every past generation of Jews is clinging to that rope below me, God is pulling at His end, and who knows how many generations will catch onto the rope above me, between me and Him?

MIZRA KHAN is the pen-name of an authority on Middle Eastern affairs. His study of Arab propaganda in the United States, which appeared in *Jewish Frontier* in the fall of 1953, aroused widespread interest in this country and abroad. In this essay MIZRA KHAN traces the origins and the growth of the Arab refugee problem—perhaps the most contrived and artificially perpetuated human tragedy in present-day history.

The Arab Refugees— A Study in Frustration

By MIZRA KHAN

FEW human tragedies in recent years have held the attention and the sympathy of the world as has that of the Palestine refugees, and rarely has the international community rallied so readily and with such generosity in an effort to rehabilitate uprooted masses, consisting mostly of innocent victims of events brought about by the follies and ambitions of a bankrupt leadership.

But just as rarely has an essentially local problem like this been allowed to bedevil international relations to such an extent and for so long a time, or human suffering been so cynically prolonged and exploited to serve a reckless political game. Seldom has history been so brazenly rewritten, and once-accepted facts so shamelessly distorted beyond recognition.

The following pages aim to recapitulate, briefly, and in the light of the record, the salient points of the problem and its origins, its treatment by the international community at large, by the parties most directly concerned, and by the United States, on whose shoulders rests the major financial burden of refugee relief and attempted rehabilitation.

I. The Problem

IN THE wake of the Arab war on Israel in 1948, hundreds of thousands of Palestinian Arabs fled the country and became refugees in neighboring Arab states, in the Jordan-held Arab sector of Palestine, and in the Egyptian-occupied part of Palestine known as the Gaza Strip. Their plight immediately engaged the attention of world opinion and the energies of the international relief agencies. A small number of well-to-do Arab families emigrated at leisure at the first signs of the impending violence and transferred enough of their possessions to resume life in their accustomed manner in the countries of their refuge. But the vast majority, caught in the flux of war, saved little or nothing of their belongings, and these masses soon fitted the UN Relief Agency's definition of an Arab refugee as "a person normally resident in Palestine, who has lost his home and his livelihood as a result of the hostilities and who is in need." All became dependent on relief for their food, clothing, medical care and the education of their children. Two-thirds of the refugees found at least

shelter in existing towns and villages; camps were set up for the remainder.

The world was not slow in recognizing the dual nature of the problem which had arisen: the human aspect—an urgent case of misery to be alleviated; and the political and social aspects—the impact on its surroundings of an uprooted multitude, bewildered, unwanted, not knowing where to place the blame for its unexpected sufferings, a potential prey to agitators, “rich and tempting soil for exploitation by those with other motives than the welfare of the refugee” (report of UN Relief and Works Agency, 1951). Though the Arab refugees comprise only a small fraction of those displaced by the upheavals of the last decade (some 700,000 out of 60 million, as estimated by the Foreign Policy Association), they are located in a sensitive part of the world, an area which is itself in the throes of violent social, economic and political convulsions. It was therefore soon realized that the perpetuation of this human problem would serve to prevent peace between the Arab states and Israel, and would be used to sharpen the conflicts and the hatreds arising from the war.

Nearly \$200 million has been spent on relief alone during the past eight years. An additional \$200 million has been set aside for various projects designed to improve the economies of the host countries, and to assist the reintegration there of increasing numbers of refugees and thus reduce the relief-ration rolls. Year after year, the problem has been debated at the UN sessions. A variety of survey missions, subcommittees, and “special ambassadors” have gone to the Middle East to assess the situation or to suggest solutions. Several UN agencies, each charged with working toward a solution, have followed one another, each succeeding agency with a bolder program than its predecessor. New hopes have been held out by those agencies, with simultaneous requests for fresh funds. The in-

ternational community responded unflinchingly, not, however, without a note of increasing urgency in its resolutions advocating an early transition from relief to reintegration. Yet each time, failure had to be admitted. The annual reports of the Director of the UN Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees (UNRWA) are full of such tell-tale phrases as “obliged with regret to report that little progress . . .,” “not as rapidly as the General Assembly might wish . . .,” “timing has gone awry . . .,” “failed to produce . . .,” “mixed record . . .” Invariably one finds the explanation for these failures: “Programs depend for their existence and success on the approval and support of the host governments”; “. . . depends partly on political decisions over which the Agency has no control . . .”; “lack of cooperation . . .”

The Sub-Committee on the Near East and Africa of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which held hearings on the refugee problem, reported on July 24, 1953: “Each time the Foreign Relations Committee has considered the . . . matter since 1949, it has been encouraged to believe that substantial progress in the settlement of the matter was soon to be made, but year after year it has come up again with little change, except for increased requests for funds.”

And again:

“The Sub-Committee was extremely disappointed to find that after nearly five years of effort and expenditures . . . virtually no progress has been made in developing projects for resettlement, or reaching political agreements relative to resettlement and rehabilitation.”

Some of the worst anticipations have come true. The solution of a human tragedy has been thwarted on political grounds. The refugees have indeed provided that “rich and tempting soil for exploitation” envisioned in the 1951 Report of UNRWA. Many brilliant careers have been built in Arab governments on the

misery of the refugees and through the perpetuation of the problem as an instrument of international blackmail. The bogey of Communism among refugees—disproven by authoritative surveys—has been brought into play. Arab governments hold all the major rehabilitation projects at a standstill, all negotiations deadlocked. Unrealistic expectations of “repatriation” are recklessly fostered and the refugees are denied the humane solution of reintegration. History is constantly being rewritten to make the United Nations, the Western powers, and of course Israel, the whipping-boys for the whole problem.

Meanwhile, contrary to all hopes, the number of refugees receiving relief has increased and not diminished. A “typical refugee mentality, and its passive expectation of continued benefits” has taken root. (*UNRWA Report to Ninth General Assembly, 1954*).

In many instances, the material conditions of the refugees compare favorably with those of many of their neighbors, or with their own former existence. “It is probably true to say that the refugees are physically better off than the poorest levels of the population of the host countries, and in some cases better off . . . than they were in Palestine,” the above-cited report continues. It is also true that nutrition is maintained “at satisfactory levels,” and that social and medical services are of a high standard. “Many refugee camps are increasingly taking on the appearance of villages and towns, with school buildings, small workshops and communal facilities such as bathhouses and recreational centers, as well as small shops . . .”

These developments may in some instances have contributed to the aforementioned “refugee mentality.” Yet the fact remains that these hapless people are uprooted, that their present artificial distribution, resulting from the Arab refusal to permit them free movement, “is

such that great numbers exist where economic opportunity is the least” (*UNRWA Report to the Seventh General Assembly, 1952*), that except in Jordan, they have not been offered citizenship, that they are on sufferance among their own kin, that they “are people apart, lacking, for the most part, status, homes, land, proper clothing and means of livelihood” (*ibid*).

UNRWA itself has evaluated the relief it has administered as worse than waste in terms of the solution of the problem:

“The existence of vast numbers of able-bodied individuals who for . . . years have looked to the United Nations for the provision of all their basic needs . . . is a social and economic plight of incalculable dimensions. The presence of refugees in host countries is more than the measurable economic waste of manpower and of economic potential. The intangible waste in terms of lost pride, emotional conflict, despair, and hopelessness cannot be measured” (*ibid*).

THE task of assessing the possibilities of a solution has not been rendered easier by the apparent uncertainty about the true number of refugees. Estimates have ranged from an original 550,000 to 850,000. Many Arab propagandists have decided to simplify matters by making the figure a round 1,000,000. Ration card holders, it is true, exceed 900,000. There is, however, a vast difference between a genuine refugee and the recipient, real or fictitious, of relief. This difficulty of determining the true number has plagued UN organs ever since the first refugees crossed the borders.

Wild exaggerations have been repeated so often that by sheer inertia they are to be found not only in Arab publications, but in statements of neutral statesmen, and are occasionally repeated even by Israeli representatives at the United Nations and elsewhere. The great discrepancies between the various estimates are easily explained by the registration

of large sections of the surrounding resident population as refugees in order to share in the benefits of international relief. As early as May 1949, the International Red Cross stated that "it was becoming increasingly difficult to differentiate, as far as destitution is concerned, between the refugees and the residents." It therefore asked for the inclusion of these "resident refugees" among those eligible for refugee relief, ignoring the dangerous contradiction in terms.

UNRWA itself (*Interim Report to the Fifth General Assembly*) called the 200,000 difference between two particular estimates "the result of different approaches." The lower one "was obtained from mathematical calculations," while the other was "compiled by voluntary agencies dealing with hundreds of thousands of hungry people claiming need." Hungry people everywhere deserve care, but it would seem somewhat irresponsible to let them increase the political magnitude of a completely different problem.

In 1951, UNRWA said: "In Western Jordan the whole population is Palestinian and the refugee is therefore not distinguished from his neighbor by speech, appearance, or necessarily by poverty, rendering still harder the task of the investigator, himself a Palestinian, which is already complicated by . . . all the pressure that can be brought to bear." In its 1952 report UNRWA said: "To increase or to prevent decreases in their ration issue, they eagerly report births, sometimes by passing a new-born baby from family to family, and reluctantly report deaths, resorting often to surreptitious burial to avoid giving up a ration card."

The nearest correct approximation of the number of refugees is today probably in the vicinity of 700,000. The UN Economic Survey Mission, which studied the problem thoroughly in 1949, put the figure of Arab refugees in need of relief at 635,000. The first director of UNRWA,

referred to "the 600,000 refugees" in November 1950. The UN Conciliation Commission accepted the figure of 711,000, and an analysis of the population records of the Palestine Mandatory Government shows the total Arab population of what is now Israel at less than 800,000, of whom about 180,000 are now in Israel, leaving little more than 610,000 refugees. To this number, the natural increase since 1948 should be added.

The question of the size of the refugee population has been dealt with at some length not in order to belittle the gravity of the problem. However, it is not irrelevant to realize that this matter has been allowed to degenerate to a point where the international community is made to submit to an expensive, if subtle, kind of extortion, and significant interests have grown up around the benefits from the continued distribution of vast quantities of relief goods provided for about 200,000 non-existing refugees.

II. The Origins

WHAT were the immediate circumstances that gave rise to the tragic Arab mass flight? Attempts have been made in the United Nations and through all media of mass information to rewrite the history of this tragedy so as to put the blame everywhere but where it rightly belongs. Arab leaders have persistently tried to saddle the UN with the original responsibility through its decision to create Israel. The United States is constantly attacked for supporting that decision (ignoring the part played by the Soviet Union and thirty-odd other nations). Israel has been accused of evicting and expelling the refugees and of perpetrating atrocities that caused a stampede.

Only the Arab states are made to appear immaculate and virtuous, bearing no shred of guilt or responsibility. Though it would be best to concentrate on a

solution instead of debating the past, the question of original responsibility is important and must be answered truthfully and comprehensively before a wise and morally tenable solution can be found. The circumstances attending the phenomenon of the Arab exodus will presently be closely examined, but first it is essential not to lose sight of the basic fact that the Arab refugee problem arose from the war that the Arab governments launched against Israel—and would not have arisen without it. The problem is a result, not of the resolution of the United Nations General Assembly on November 29, 1947, to partition Palestine, but of the Arab attempt to overthrow that resolution by force—the war launched first to prevent the emergence of Israel and then to destroy it.

As early as September 1948, Mr. Emile Ghoury, Secretary of the Arab Higher Committee and at one time commander of Arab forces in the Jerusalem area, declared in the *Beirut Telegraph*: "I do not want to impugn anyone but only to help the refugees. The fact that they are there is the direct consequence of the action of the Arab states in opposing partition and the Jewish State. The Arab states agreed upon this policy unanimously, and they must share in the solution of the problem."

On May 15, the day Israel was established, the Secretary General of the Arab League promised at a press conference in Cairo: "This will be a war of extermination and a momentous massacre which will be spoken of like the Mongolian massacres and the Crusades" (BBC broadcast of that date). Wherever he could, he kept his word. Arab brutality during the fighting was unprecedented. No mercy was shown nor was quarter given. *180,000 Arabs live in Israel today, but in all the areas which came under Arab occupation not a single Jew survives.*

The record testifies eloquently and ir-

refutably to the efforts made by the Jewish leadership, first to prevent the outbreak of hostilities, then to nip them before they spread and grew to war proportions, and later still, to terminate them by a formal agreement of the parties; and also to prevent the Arab exodus. On October 2, 1947, two months before the partition resolution, the Assembly of Palestine Jewry (forerunner of the Knesset), declared: "The Jewish people extends the hand of sincere friendship and brotherhood to the Arab peoples and calls them to cooperation as free and equal allies for the sake of peace and progress, for the benefit of their respective countries."

On November 30, the day after the UN General Assembly had adopted the Partition resolution, in the face of Arab threats to oppose it by force, David Ben Gurion pleaded: "If we are attacked, we shall take up the challenge, but we sincerely hope there will be no need for that. The Middle East needs peace more than anything else, and we need peace more than anything else. Let there then be an end to all threats of violence."

Four days later, after the Jewish Commercial Center in Jerusalem had been sacked, and while reports were coming from all over the country of organized Arab attacks, the Jewish Defence Organization distributed leaflets in the Arab villages pleading "to keep the peace and remain calm."

On May 14, 1948, with five Arab armies converging on the newly-born Israel, its Proclamation of Independence appealed: "In the midst of wanton aggression, we call upon the Arab inhabitants of the State of Israel to return to the ways of peace and play their part in the development of the State with full and equal citizenship and with due representation in all its bodies and institutions."

And on August 6, 1948, in the midst of war, when the Arab flight was already assuming mass proportions, Moshe Shar-

ett, Israel's Foreign Minister, appealed to the United Nations Mediator asking him to "be kind enough to transmit to the governments of the Arab states now at war with Israel our offer that . . . representatives . . . should meet . . . for the purpose of peace negotiations."

As the fighting grew more severe, the Arab exodus increased. The first single large-scale flight occurred in Haifa, in late April 1948. After Iraqi troops in the Arab sector of the city had launched abortive attacks against the Jewish quarter, the Jews counterattacked and captured the port city. Many neutral observers have described what happened. The London *Economist*, not known for Zionist sympathies, said in its account: "The Jewish Authorities, who were now in complete control . . . urged all Arabs to remain and guaranteed them protection and security However, of the 62,000 Arabs who lived in Haifa, not more than 5,000 or 6,000 remained. Various factors influenced their decision to seek safety in flight. There is but little doubt that the most potent of these were the announcements made over the air by the Arab Higher Executive, urging all Arabs in Haifa to quit. The reason given was that upon the final withdrawal of the British [on May 15], the combined armies of the Arab States would invade Palestine and drive the Jews into the sea, and it was clearly intimated that those Arabs who remained in Haifa and accepted Jewish protection would be regarded as renegades" (October 2, 1948).

On April 26, 1948, the British police in Haifa reported to headquarters: "Every effort is being made by the Jews to persuade the Arab population to stay and carry on with their normal lives . . . and to be assured that their lives and interests will be safe." Two days later a further report confirmed that these efforts were still being made.

The British High Commissioner in Palestine reported to the Colonial Secre-

tary in London that "the Jewish attack in Haifa was a direct consequence of continuous attacks by the Arabs over the previous four days. There was no massacre."

In a report to the Arab governments on the second anniversary of the Haifa flight, the Arab National Committee of Haifa, which had held authority during the crucial period, admitted that "the removal . . . was voluntary and carried out at our request. The Jewish representatives expressed their deep regret and the Jewish Mayor . . . adjourned the meeting . . . with a passionate appeal to the Arabs to reconsider their decision It seems that the Jews intended to . . . prove that the Haifa Arabs could live safely and securely"

The representative of the Arab Higher Committee told the UN Security Council on April 23 that "the Arabs would not submit to a truce . . . but rather preferred to leave their homes in the town."

The present writer, who happened to be in Haifa at the time, vividly recalls the fantastic and almost unbelievable sight of tens of thousands of Arabs crowding the harbor area under orders of their leaders, waiting for launches and barges to ferry them across the bay to Acre, where the fighting had not yet reached, or a little further north into Lebanon. This was done leisurely, in two days, while Jews were passing through the multitude trying to dissuade personal friends from leaving.

AFTER the Haifa exodus, there was no holding the Arab population, and similar scenes soon occurred in Jaffa, Safed and other towns. "The Arab civilian population panicked and fled ignominiously," wrote General Glubb, the British Commander of Jordan's Arab Legion, in the London *Daily Mail* of August 12, 1948.

Not the entire Arab population, how-

ever, acted on the orders of their leaders, and others were overtaken by the advancing Israeli army, especially during the later stages of the fighting in Galilee. Disillusioned, skeptical of their leaders' promises of a speedy victory, they stuck to their homes. It was thus due to a change of heart in some of the Arabs themselves that they were spared the sorrows of their kin who fled. Nothing refutes the accusation of mass expulsion more clearly than the continued presence of those who at the time simply decided to stay behind.

Later, when masses of Jewish refugees from Arab and other lands were filling the country, and fierce hatreds dashed hopes of an early peace, Israel no longer regretted the Arabs' exodus and found their return impracticable. But this development is irrelevant to the present inquiry and cannot alter the historical truth of the events of 1948.

What, then, made the Arabs leave as they did? Recently Nimr Al-Hawari, a well-known and gifted Arab lawyer, published a book called *The Secret Behind the Disaster*. Hawari had been the commander of the para-military Arab youth organization in Palestine. He became a refugee himself during the war. Disillusioned with the Arab leadership, he returned to Nazareth, where he is now a courageous Arab spokesman. After testifying at length to Jewish attempts to dissuade the Arabs from fleeing, he sums up: "The Arabs' eyes were blinded and their brains clogged. They were confused by promises and deluded by their leaders." And later: "The Palestinian Arabs were ignorant and easily led astray. They were shortsighted and unthinking, and subjected to a gangster-leadership . . . which herded them like docile sheep . . . Many left temporarily, they thought, to await the passing of the storm . . . The leaders rattled their sabres, delivered fiery speeches and wrote stirring articles. Iraq's Prime Minister had

thundered: 'We shall smash the country with our guns, and destroy and obliterate every place the Jews will seek shelter in. The Arabs should conduct their wives and children to safer areas till the fighting has died down.'"

Msgr. George Hakim, the Arab Greek-Orthodox Archbishop of Galilee, wrote on August 16, 1948: "The refugees had been confident that . . . they would return within a few days—within a week or two. Their leaders had promised them that the Arab armies would crush the 'Zionist gang' very quickly."

And a Lebanese paper, published in the United States, wrote in 1951: "Brotherly advice was given to the Arabs of Palestine urging them to leave their lands, homes and property, and go to stay temporarily in neighboring, brotherly states, lest the guns of the invading Arab armies mow them down" (*Al Huda*, June 6).

The Arab flight under orders, as part of a deliberate policy to clear areas for the invading Arab armies and to prevent stagnation of the war by the conclusion of local truces, accounted for very large numbers of refugees. But other, equally grave factors were involved. Nearly 30,000 persons had left before trouble started in earnest. These were the well-to-do, the merchants, landlords, professionals, men in high public office, those who could afford to ride out the storm in the comfortable safety of hotel lobbies in Cairo or Beirut or in the spacious distant homes of relatives. Their early departure undermined the structure of Arab society and economy, demoralized great numbers and accelerated the panicky stampede of unguided masses once it became evident that the promised Arab victories would fail to materialize.

The name "Deir Yassin" is often conjured up to show that Arabs fled out of fear of being massacred. The destruction of the village Deir Yassin by a disowned Jewish terrorist group, the only case of Jewish atrocity during the war,

no doubt contributed to the confusion. But the fear of "Jewish atrocities" was really effective in another way. We have quoted the promise of the Arab League's Secretary General to produce a "Mongolian massacre." That promise was not an idle threat. The Arab onslaught on the Jews of Palestine was conducted with a savagery not easily comprehensible to the civilized mind. Killing was indiscriminate, and neither civilians nor prisoners were spared. Bodies were stripped and mutilated, and these scenes, recorded in photographs, proudly peddled in the streets. Captured Jewish localities were razed. Little wonder, then, that many Arabs who had participated—or belonged to groups which had participated—in such exploits feared vengeance. Guilt-inspired fear often sufficed to make a whole vicinity pack up and run. A striking example is given by Kenneth W. Bilby in his book *New Star in the Near East*. During the fighting in Manshieh, a district connecting Jaffa with Tel Aviv, the Mayor of Jaffa (Dr. Yussef Haikal, later Jordanian Ambassador in Washington, and now in London) told Mr. Bilby, then the *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent, that hundreds of trapped Arabs had been slaughtered by the Jews. Mr. Bilby "never found the slightest shred of evidence to support this contention, and I examined Manshieh carefully just after the battle. But the fact was that Haikal's story had spread like sage fire among the Arabs of Jaffa and they needed no urging to get out." Both their leaders' threats and atrocity propaganda thus boomeranged with far-reaching consequences.

These, then, were the chief circumstances that caused masses of Arabs to stream across the borders. In their reckless folly, their leaders had played havoc with countless human lives. But, as the *London Economist* said even on August 7, 1948, when the tragedy had not yet

run its full course: "Now they dare not tell their people what happened."

III. The World and the Arab Refugees

THE UNITED NATIONS. The world quickly understood both the human and political aspects of the refugee problem. It addressed itself first to the relief of human suffering. The stream of refugees had begun during the fighting that preceded the termination of the British Mandate on May 15, 1948, the simultaneous proclamation of the State of Israel, and the launching of the full-scale attack by the Arab states on the same date. As the flood increased, the United Nations Mediator on Palestine appealed to all nations for assistance on humanitarian grounds. By August, the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF) made a substantial contribution in money, and its personnel were in the field within a few weeks. The Mediator then established a disaster relief project. Numerous voluntary agencies responded splendidly with cash and supplies, and helped in their distribution. In November 1948, the General Assembly set up the UN Relief for Palestine Refugees (UNRPR) to coordinate all relief activities. Some \$40 million was contributed, in money and in kind, during UNRPR's operation.

The General Assembly also hopefully attempted to grapple with the political aspect. On December 11, 1948, it established the Palestine Conciliation Commission to "assist the governments and authorities concerned to achieve a final settlement of all questions outstanding between them"; to "seek arrangements . . . to facilitate the economic development of the area"; and to "facilitate the repatriation, resettlement, and economic and social rehabilitation of the refugees and payment of compensation" (Resolution 194). The same resolution also con-

tained the much-debated Paragraph 11, providing that "refugees wishing to return to their homes and *live at peace with their neighbors* should be permitted to do so at the earliest *practicable date*, and that compensation should be paid for property of those choosing not to return."

As will be shown, the sponsors of this paragraph were soon to regret its phrasing, which is at the root of much of the failure to solve the refugee problem. Originally the passage was quite clear in its intent: the refugees should be allowed to return if they wanted to, if the envisaged conditions of "living at peace" and "practicability" existed. But by trying to say too many things in one mouthful, it left room for willful misinterpretations and provided the ground on which later rose the "repatriation issue." The phrase was not a compromise on substance. It was the result of a desire to satisfy in principle the demand for return, and yet to provide such safeguards as reality now dictated. As such, it was both a symptom and a cause of the fumbling and hesitancy, the lack of courage and firmness which have characterized the handling of the refugee problem to this very day. Since then, responsible opinion within the UN and outside it has recognized the original error, and now simply pleads for resettlement of the refugees in Arab countries. But Arab intransigence exacts its annual tribute when the General Assembly considers the problem.

Shortly after its creation, the Conciliation Commission concluded that "a settlement [of the refugee problem] on a purely political basis was not possible at present." The deadlock could be broken "only through an economic approach . . . mainly along the lines of the refugees' integration in their present countries of residence." The need to find a realistic solution to the refugee problem led the Conciliation Commission to appoint, in August 1949, an Economic Survey Mission for the Middle East to make recom-

mendations "for an integrated program . . . in order to reintegrate the refugees into the economic life of the area on a self-sustaining basis within a minimum period of time."

Under the chairmanship of Gordon R. Clapp, head of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and composed of representatives of Great Britain, France and Turkey, the Mission worked intensively in the field for two months. It shunned "grandiose plans" because a less ambitious program would bring results earlier and without too heavy expenditure. But the Mission was frustrated by Arab obstruction. Having started courageously, Mr. Clapp was soon persuaded to substitute in his statement the euphemism "refugee employment projects" for the blunt "resettlement." However, the Mission did not lose sight of its objective, and in its report recommended a plan for a combined relief and works program consisting mostly of small-scale projects, under which direct relief would be gradually replaced by useful projects furnishing employment. Its purpose was "to abate the emergency by constructive action and to reduce the refugee problem to limits within which the Near Eastern Governments can reasonably be expected to assume . . . the responsibility for the maintenance of such refugees as may remain within their territories." A new agency was to administer the program; direct relief would be terminated at the end of 1950, while the works program would be continued until June 30, 1951. The program was to cost \$55 million.

The Clapp report had severe shortcomings. It underestimated the cost of this work and by limiting itself to small-scale local projects such as afforestation, terracing, road-building, and utilization of water resources, it did not seek to break up the refugee concentrations. But it had the great merit of putting the Arab governments on notice to prepare "for the time when UN funds for relief and works

projects shall no longer be available." Had this been firmly stressed, we might not today be as far from a solution as we are.

The General Assembly endorsed the Clapp report and on December 8, 1949, set up the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) to carry out the recommended program "with a view to the termination of international assistance for relief."

IN ITS first report the new agency had to admit failure, due largely to difficulties in interesting refugees and governments in a work program and to lack of opportunities for considerable programs in some of the centers of refugee distribution. A maximum of only 12,000 refugees were employed at any one time. "Local governments contributed no funds; the full burden of wages fell on the Agency; the cost was five times that of simple relief. The approved projects were roads and public structures, and when they were finished, the refugees returned to tents and ration lines . . ." On December 2, 1950, the General Assembly had to admit "that direct relief cannot be terminated." UNRWA's recommendations were to continue relief for another year and to add \$30 million for a Reintegration Fund "as a first step [without commitment about the future] in a major undertaking which may ultimately entail the expenditure of several hundred million dollars over a period of years."

The General Assembly accordingly voted the funds "for the *permanent establishment* of the refugees and their removal from relief," though of course "without prejudice" to the provisions of the by now famous Paragraph 11 of the December 1948 resolution.

UNRWA's next report to the Sixth Session of the UN at the end of 1951 sounded encouraging. "There is now considerable agreement among govern-

ments," it stated, "that the refugees cannot continue indefinitely in their present condition." This, and the conviction that there must be a firm goal of terminating relief operation, encouraged UNRWA to recommend the establishment of a \$250 million program for three years, starting retroactively from July 1, 1951 until June 30, 1954. Of this sum, \$50 million was to be for relief, and \$200 million for reintegration. Relief expenditure was to decrease annually, investment expenditures to increase. Relief administration was to be transferred to the Arab governments not later than July 1, 1952.

The basic political premise was that the refugees be "re-established," principally in Near East countries. The general objectives: to help refugees obtain adequate housing and employment; to move them from camps and temporary shelter to suburban housing projects and rural villages; to move them from ration lines to self-supporting employment, and to make them economic assets. One hundred and fifty thousand families, that is, the entire refugee population, was thus to be re-established within the prescribed time. They were to move within the Arab countries to areas of greatest opportunity. But above all this hovered the usual "without prejudice" to the resolution of 1948.

On January 26, 1952, the General Assembly adopted the program and urged the governments concerned to assist in its execution.

This imaginative program, endorsed in the Assembly even by the Arab states, was energetically pursued by UNRWA. Major projects were negotiated (but not implemented) with Syria and Egypt. But by the end of 1952 the Agency had to report that "the pace has been slow. *Deep misunderstandings and misinterpretations* of the new program have to be faced." The General Assembly refused to face this fact and thus did an incalculable disservice to the program and the

objective that had prompted the contributors to make such efforts. As a result, UNRWA had to present to the Eighth Session (end of 1953) a gloomy picture. The entire relief fund intended for three years had been consumed in two, while the rehabilitation fund remained largely untouched. The general tone of the report was one of both lassitude and impatience, though "the outlook is not, however, entirely dark." It recorded "the growing reluctance of contributors to continue." Reporting numerous instances of illegal interference with the Agency and its privileges and immunities, and its use by the Arab governments as a convenient whipping-boy, UNRWA suggested that "it would be more appropriate for the governments to relieve themselves of . . . the presence of UNRWA and to assume responsibility themselves."

Finally, UNRWA's mandate and its fund were extended for another year, until June 30, 1955, and all concerned were urged "to seek acceptable projects to enable the fund to be utilized for the purpose for which it was intended."

When the Agency and its advisory commission reported to the Ninth Session (November 1954) "with regret . . . that little progress has been achieved," it was clear that the program as a whole had failed dismally. Unable to admit failure, and reluctant to assert itself, the General Assembly, dejectedly and as a matter of routine, extended UNRWA's operations once more, this time until July 1, 1960. This, it was said, would make possible "longer-term planning" and give UNRWA "the opportunity to organize its work more efficiently and economically." From a dynamic, bold, spirited enterprise, the Agency was being transformed into a frustrated bureaucracy.

Under these circumstances, the 1955 report was not unexpected: "lack of co-operation," "obstacles," and general gloominess and dejection. There was every reason for this mood. After six

years of operation, ration-lines had grown longer instead of shorter. Projects to which great hopes had been attached, such as the Sinai irrigation project and the Syrian agricultural project, had been left unimplemented, for obvious political reasons.

The action taken by the Tenth Session of the Assembly (December 1955) on UNRWA's latest report has been more than usually diffident. The Agency was directed "to pursue its efforts," but specific relief funds have not even been voted. On January 28, 1956, UNRWA's director was reported to have told the press in Damascus that his Agency might cease operations for lack of funds, since the regular contributors had so far supplied only a fraction of what was needed. Such an eventuality is not likely at present, but the report is indicative of the international community's exasperated dissatisfaction with the lack of progress made towards the envisaged solution.

THE ARAB STATES. "It is perfectly clear that the Arab nations do not want to solve the refugee problem. They want to keep it as an open sore, as an affront against the United Nations, and as a weapon against Israel. Arab leaders don't give a damn whether the refugees live or die," said Mr. Galloway, former UNRWA representative in Jordan, to an American study group meeting in Amman in 1952.

"We shall be most insistent in perpetuating the Palestine problem as a life question . . . The Palestine war continues by dint of the refugees only. Their existence leaves the problem open." This from Abdullah Nawass, member of Jordan's Parliament, on June 6, 1952.

In *Falastin* of August 26, 1955: "Those human beings, whom political ambitions and intrigues turned into cave-dwellers overnight—what have the Arab rulers done for them these past eight years? Is their ray of hope to be found in the poli-

ticians' haggling at our expense? Or is it in the execution of the Johnston Plan and of the Sinai project?"

"We refugees have left our homes merely to enter a world of intrigue on the part of those who are our own flesh and blood . . ."—*Difa* of September 10, 1953.

The above representative quotations—the first by an American experienced in refugee relief work, the second by an Arab politician, and the last two by refugee journalists—tell the same tale of Arab obstruction. They go to the root of the matter. To Arab leaders, the refugee problem is exclusively a political issue. Its human aspect counts only to the extent that, by arousing sympathy for the refugee in the world, it serves as a weapon in the political and propaganda warfare against Israel, and in the game of extortion against the powers most interested in Middle East security.

The existence of the refugee problem, said another member of the Jordan Parliament, "is an important harassing factor vis-à-vis the Jews and the West. As long as it remains unsolved, Israel's political and economic existence are acutely endangered" (*Falastin*, June 3, 1952).

The refugee camps are a valuable propaganda asset, both locally and internationally. The disorganized, uprooted, embittered masses that inhabit them, kept in endless suspense, are easily aroused, and only a few among them both know who is to blame for their misery and dare say so aloud. Their bitterness can thus be quickly pushed in the desired direction.

The official Arab thesis states that the only acceptable solution to the refugee problem lies in "repatriation." This claim is based on the oft-cited Paragraph 11, whose intent and context we have already discussed. But authoritative Arab leaders and publications have left no doubt about the design behind the de-

mand for repatriation. Let us consider only two of countless statements:

"In demanding the restoration of the refugees to Palestine, the Arabs intend that they return as masters . . . more explicitly: they intend to annihilate the State of Israel" (Mohammed Salah ed Din, then Egyptian Foreign Minister, in *Al Misri*, October 11, 1949).

In 1952 another important Cairo daily wrote: "The Arab League must constantly demand the return of the refugees and strengthen in their minds the spirit of revenge" (*Akher Sa'ah*, January 16, 1952).

As recently as January 28, 1956, the Syrian Minister of the Interior met with representatives of refugees of military age to discuss "their training in preparation for the day of revenge."

There has never been any attempt to conceal the intention that refugees returning *en masse* should provide a fifth column to help destroy Israel from within. Yet, by deftly exploiting political opportunities and by playing on human compassion, the Arabs have succeeded in exacting an annual tribute from the United Nations in the form of provisions, in all later resolutions calling for the reintegration and rehabilitation of the refugees in Arab countries, to the effect that such reintegration was "without prejudice" to repatriation. These two seemingly innocuous words have been the undoing of all efforts to solve or at least to reduce the refugee problem, because Arab governments have preferred to undertake themselves the task of interpreting what would constitute "prejudice." In order to frustrate any development that might reduce the prospect of repatriation, they have sabotaged all major rehabilitation schemes. They have suppressed any tendency among the refugees themselves to become self-supporting in large numbers. They have deprived the refugees of political rights lest they should sink roots somewhere. They have pre-

vented them from moving across Arab borders. They have in most cases refused to allow them to seek employment in the Arab labor market.

UNRWA's annual lament and its pleas for Arab cooperation have been mentioned earlier. Only in one instance did cooperation on a significant scale seem to be forthcoming. Early in 1951 the Egyptian government, after much deliberation, signified its willingness to cooperate in the reintegration of 50,000 refugees in Sinai if conditions in that area should prove suitable. The Egyptian press then reported that the decision sprang from the fear that international contributions for relief would cease if absolute refusal to cooperate continued. This should have been a guide to UNRWA's future policy in its negotiations; but the hint was not taken. Much UN money was spent on surveys of permanent value to Egypt, but in UNRWA's latest report we learn that the agreement has lapsed.

ALTHOUGH the Arab economies gain important and lasting benefits through relief and rehabilitation operations (road construction, afforestation, vast local purchases of supplies, transportation, etc.), their own financial contributions to the international fund by which UNRWA lives are practically nil. "The host governments made no cash pledges for 1954-55 and paid nothing against pledges made in previous years," the UN was informed. They did provide some services and storage and warehouse facilities, valued by UNRWA at \$373,000. This sum was amply recouped by the imposition on UNRWA of taxes and charges, despite the privileges and immunities the Agency is entitled to as an arm of the United Nations. UNRWA's annual reports invariably bristle with complaints of violations of immunity, "centrally inspired" attacks, "strong pressure from commercial interests," and other kinds of costly interference, so that

at one juncture UNRWA warned it "will have to retire from the field."

The refugees themselves have been the subjects of economic envy on the part of their fellow-Arabs. Thus an exhaustive article in an Egyptian military journal (*Al-Tahrir*), written by an army officer, compares the refugees' condition with that of the Egyptian peasant: "I spent three days [in the Gaza camps] where I came to recognize as such all the lies we read about refugees, disease, cold, hunger, misery and injustice . . . Hunger, misery and distress are not to be found . . . I saw people eating their fill, drinking milk and living in comfort. The men lay on their backs in the sunshine, or played dice . . . Do our weak children drink milk? Have you ever heard of an Egyptian *fellah* wearing shoes?"

What about the refugees themselves? Their real mood is difficult to ascertain. Their leaders (many of whom do not themselves live in the camps), politically ambitious, speak for them. Many people who have talked freely to individual refugees have failed "to find the first refugee who would say that he would go back to Israel and live under the Israeli government." In its 1953 report UNRWA records that though the official attitude of the refugees has not been appreciably modified, there are signs that individual refugees, when invited to take advantage of minor projects, are ready and willing to abandon the enervating life of the camps, and there are refugees who have approached the Agency for a chance to become self-supporting.

In its latest report, UNRWA still did not know the refugees' minds. Though recording signs of continued opposition to resettlement, it states: "None of the large-scale projects has progressed to a point where refugees have in fact had an opportunity to decide whether or not to participate. . . . It is indeed gradually coming to be accepted by an increasing number of refugees that . . . without pre-

justice to their political rights, it is in their own interests to find . . . a temporary means to overcome *their enforced idleness.*"

It may be assumed, however, that were the refugee asked to state his view publicly, he would submit to pressure and echo the position taken by the politicians.

ISRAEL. Israel's position on the refugee problem has been firm though not unbending. In 1948, when hopes for a speedy peace settlement were high, Jews sought to prevent the mass flight of the Arab population. These hopes were soon dashed. In the new reality of unrelenting Arab hostility and threats of a renewal of their war, Israel refused to aggravate further the precariousness of her security by admitting those who were hostile to her. In July 1949, under heavy pressure to make tangible concessions in the refugee matter as an essential preliminary to any prospect for a general settlement, Israel first offered to incorporate the Gaza strip with its 70,000 permanent Arab residents and 200,000 refugees. When this offer was rejected, Israel made the further concession of offering to place the refugee problem as the first item on the agenda of peace negotiations. Finally, in August, it offered to accept 100,000 returning refugees, as part of a general solution of the problem. Though this, too, was rejected by the Arab states, Israel kept it open for some time. In July 1950, Israel's Foreign Minister withdrew the offer. Since then Israel has refused to consider the repatriation of the refugees as part of a solution and has pointed to the obvious impossibility of risking the admission of a large and avowed fifth column. The arming of Arab states and their continued genocidal intentions toward Israel have not been conducive to allaying Israel's fears on this score.

Grave economic and social arguments also have been brought forward to show

the impracticability of repatriation. In seven years the places of Arabs have been filled by at least an equal number of Jewish refugees, including entire communities from Arab countries totalling 350,000. The pattern of life in Israel has been fundamentally transformed, and returning Arabs would be confronted with a severe problem of readjustment. Dangerous friction between returning Arabs and Jews recently driven from Arab countries would be inevitable. Israel, therefore, demands "to be accepted as we are, with our territory [and] population" (Moshe Sharett, Israel Foreign Minister, before National Press Club, Washington, D. C., on April 10, 1953).

Israel has consistently insisted on the refugees' resettlement in Arab countries as the solution to the problem. She has pointed to the vast possibilities in sparsely populated countries like Syria and Iraq. International authorities agree that from the economic point of view the entire problem could be solved in these two countries alone, with room to spare and immediate benefit to their economies. Israel has supported the Johnston Plan for the utilization of the Jordan and Yarmuk rivers because it would help settle over 150,000 refugees. She has pointed to the psychological, cultural, religious and social factors which would make refugee absorption in Arab countries appear logical. She has recalled the historical fact that all refugee problems created throughout the world in this century have been solved through the exchange of populations or other forms of resettlement; none has been solved by trying to turn back the clock.

Israel's objection to repatriation applies also to what has in recent years been termed "token" repatriation, a device to save Arab face without disrupting Israel's security or economy. This seemingly plausible device, Israel holds, would automatically stifle all progress toward resettlement, since it would either make

every refugee genuinely believe that he would be among those selected, or enable political leaders artificially to stir up such belief or expectancy, thereby increasing tension.

Despite this position, and the well-substantiated contention that the problem is not of her making, Israel has not been insensitive to the human tragedy involved and has taken a series of measures to alleviate it. By 1952, Israel had absorbed and restored to self-support the 19,000 Palestine Arabs who were refugees within its own borders (displaced from other areas of Palestine during the fighting). This figure compares more than favorably with the total achievement of the combined Arab states to date.

On November 4, 1951, Israel's Foreign Minister announced in the Knesset that the government "is prepared, without delay, to discuss . . . the amount of compensation due" (to Arab refugees for abandoned lands). This has been reiterated since then, even within the context of political tension.

As a further measure, Israel agreed to release all the liquid assets (the so-called "blocked accounts") left by Arab refugees in Israel banks, though it is most unusual for governments to arrange for the flow of foreign currency into countries which are doing everything possible to strangle their economy by boycott. This was done in two stages, early in 1953, and again in the fall of 1954. The total amount involved was between \$11 and \$12 million, not including the contents of many safe deposit boxes. Little appreciation seems to have been expected, and still less received.

Israel has also readmitted a substantial number of returning Arabs. Some thousands of relatives of Arabs living in Israel were permitted to come in under a scheme for reuniting separated families, and tens of thousands who had infiltrated into the country have been legalized and given citizenship. These two processes

are responsible for the rapid growth of Israel's Arab population from 100,000 in 1948 to nearly twice this number at present.

As far as can be gleaned from Israel's statements and publications, the only further readmissions Israel might be prepared to consent to would be through some extension of the family reunion scheme. Such individual cases clearly do not touch the core of the refugee problem. Israel's answer to the problem continues to be total resettlement in the Arab lands and payment of compensation.

UNITED STATES. The United States has borne the major share of the financial burden imposed by the continued existence of the refugee problem, and has also shown more initiative and active interest in the search for a solution—both within and outside the framework of the United Nations—than any other power. Its policies on the question therefore require separate consideration.

Originally, the U.S. government supported the right of repatriation as qualified by the safeguards of the December 1948 resolution. In the months that followed, it made full use of its influence in the Palestine Conciliation Commission to press for maximum concession by Israel in this respect. It was also reported to have urged the Israel government directly to admit up to 200,000 refugees over a period of time, the remainder to be resettled in Arab lands. But having recognized "the stalemate in the peace negotiations and the need to find a realistic solution" (Department of State Publication 375), it substantially reversed its early position, and fully endorsed the "economic approach . . . mainly along the lines of the refugees' integration in their present countries of residence" (Mr. Paul Porter, U.S. member of the Conciliation Commission). The head of the Special Survey Mission set up to advise on the implementation of this new ap-

proach was an American, TVA's Chairman Gordon R. Clapp.

From then on, the U.S. has favored and worked for resettlement as the solution, although in major statements of policy mention of the idea of some measure of limited or "token" repatriation is rarely absent. The impression that has been gained over the years is that a verbal commitment to the idea has been thought necessary for psychological reasons, though many feel that greater frankness would ultimately prove more beneficial to all concerned.

In December 1949, the U.S. was instrumental in the establishment of the UNRWA. In November 1950, it was one of the sponsors of the \$20 million Reintegration Fund, proposed by this agency. In January 1952, it took one long stride further by largely underwriting the \$200 million Rehabilitation Program. It has consistently taken the view that this program was important, not only to the refugees but also to the Arab states "to which it means a substantial increase in financial and human assets," and that they "must come to consider the refugees as an important asset, not as an unwanted liability. The leaders of the Arab countries should stop clinging to a status quo which benefits no one."

On June 1, 1953, after his return from a tour of the Middle East, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said in his televised "Report to the Nation" that most of the refugees "could more readily be integrated into the lives of the neighboring Arab states" (though some could be settled in Israel).

On July 24, 1953, a report of the Subcommittee on the Near East of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee said that without passing on the feasibility of any repatriation, "such a solution cannot handle more than a small proportion of the total number." It went on to say that "the Arab states should develop definite proposals for . . . rehabilitation outside

Israel. . . . They cannot escape responsibility to their fellow Arabs," and concluded with a warning: "American aid cannot continue indefinitely . . . unless considerably more progress is shown in the near future. . . . Congress would not be justified in continuing aid for this program through the United Nations. . . ."

Ever since 1953, the U.S. government has been making great efforts to gain Arab support for its Johnston plan, so far without decisive success. The position taken by most Arab states has been that they would rather forego the immense benefit inherent in the plan than to allow any—even limited—benefit to accrue to Israel too, and to risk the merest suspicion of cooperation with Israel on a joint venture. The refugees continue to languish? So what?

On August 26, 1954, Secretary Dulles said in another major speech: "These uprooted people should, through resettlement and, to such an extent as may be feasible, repatriation, be enabled to resume a life of dignity and self respect Compensation is due from Israel. . . . There might be an international loan to enable Israel to pay. . . ." And after outlining large resettlement projects in the Arab states, he continued: "These projects would do much more than aid in the resettlement of refugees. They would enable the people throughout the area to enjoy a better life."

The policies of Great Britain, France, Canada, and of many other countries have moved on lines generally similar—and sometimes expounded with greater clarity—to those of the United States.

In their joint statement of February 1, 1956, at the end of their talks in Washington, President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden reiterated their governments' readiness, *inter alia*, "to contribute to such a settlement [generally between the Arab states and Israel] by assisting financially in regard to the refugee problem."

A significant contribution to the literature on the refugee problem is the report issued by the Special Study Mission to the Near East (the so-called Smith-Prouty report) of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, 1954, made after investigations in the field lasting five weeks. The Mission declined to obscure its meaning by the customary qualifications. After stating hopefully that "Arab government officials are beginning to realize that holding out against all UN proposals is not certain to result in the ultimate return of the refugees," the report proclaims the need for a new approach. It does not mince words: "The status of the refugees as a special group of people who are the wards of the UN should be terminated as soon as possible. The objective should be for refugees to become citizens of the Arab states and, if necessary, they should be made [their] wards pending admission to citizenship. This process should not be delayed . . . Ten years from now the transition will be much more difficult." And later: "The U.S. should announce that it will contribute no further assistance to the refugees as such after a specified future date. This would put the refugees and the Arab states on notice that the status quo cannot be maintained indefinitely." This does not mean that the U.S. would be washing its hands of the problem. "We should give help to the host countries in developing their resources so that a substantially larger population can make a living." Refugee owners of immovable property should be compensated. If necessary, Israel should be assisted in doing so.

The Mission's final recommendations are concrete: "The U.S. should serve notice that it will not support the return of the Arab refugees. . . ." and "The U. S. should press for compensation by Israel to the refugees. . . ."

There is no evidence to indicate that the above report differs in any substantial manner from the most authoritative

thinking in the U.S. government. The Congressional mission has merely chosen to translate thought into words without hem-ing or haw-ing.

IV. Conclusion

IN SEVEN years of activity on behalf of the Arab refugees, the United Nations—as a body and through its agencies and major powers—has striven devotedly to alleviate human distress and to create the conditions for a constructive solution. In this it can take just pride, and it has no cause for apology. Yet thus far it has failed. Why? Because it has hesitated and temporized, because against its recorded better judgment, it has allowed generous, bold plans to degenerate into palliatives, and has compromised its true intentions by fostering illusions. By the ceaseless, monotonous reiteration of the repatriation idea as a kind of useless though inflammable appendix to its main theme, it has enabled the Arab host countries to adopt an attitude paralyzing to all progressive work. Its much too gingerly approach to psychological sensitivities has robbed its finest efforts of the possibility of bringing results.

Today we seem perhaps no nearer to a solution than eight years and hundreds of millions of dollars ago, and the recent appearance of new forces on the Middle Eastern horizon makes a solution more problematical than ever. Yet the present dangers and uncertainties also provide a unique opportunity and an unprecedented challenge for those Western nations who have shouldered the burden for so long, to assert themselves decisively. The preceding pages have shown, it is hoped, that enlightened and constructive world opinion considers resettlement in Arab countries and compensation for abandoned property the obvious solution. "Resettlement" and "repatriation" are mutually exclusive terms. The one cannot be effected without "prejudice" to

the other. Why, then, equivocate? The nations of the Middle East should not be left in doubt about the undreamt-of economic opportunities and benefits to be gained from cooperation in effecting this solution, or about the consequences of an intransigence feeding on perpetual ap-

peasement. It would be a disservice to the interests of the free world and to the cause of Middle East peace and stability, and also a cruel disfavor to the refugees themselves, if the present Arab gamble were to continue through miscalculation of the world's mood.

For A New Generation

By Emanuel Litvinoff

WE set out together a day's journey from home,
but our footprints left no mark on the waters
and a million stars bewildered our compasses.
Yet old men still called Jerusalem with reedy sorrow
a long way over strange mountains and died
pointing their feet toward Sinai.
Sick with knowledge, being not wholly sane
nor having the purity of madness it seemed we
were marooned in the last country,
exiled from the scriptural valleys, the hills
scrolls unread; and in all our fugitive babylons
no song like Solomon's, no marvellous voices
ringing among the disputatious prophets—
go here, go there, and the hard roads leading nowhere:
a journey as farcical as Jonah's.

So in the time of living in borrowed cities
our harp turned melancholy as soft rain,
adept at a sad song in the blue dens of night.
Moses, of distinguished lineage, an impresario
of tragedy, cast as patriarch;
Solomon, a collector of antiques but somewhat sinister,
neatly turns a compliment to ladies
as befits so sybaritic a temperament; and in the East
strange Jews burn like tapers with an unfashionable piety.
And all go down into the belly of History.

Then suddenly the Lord stops laughing:
the joke and the journey had gone, perhaps, too far.
Return, return, though all the seas are red,
discard the foreign face, the strange singing voice,
and I shall make a Jerusalem more lovely than any.

Many indeed seek to recover their lost innocence
beneath the cracked mosaic and Byzantine ruins;
some wear the shepherd's cloak with almost natural grace;

but many cannot lose the habit of exile
though the hills of Judea run down to the same sea
and the old vocabulary is printed on the sky.
Having been transient on many soils,
have they not learned the singular virtue
of the sun that nourishes thistle and barley
and orders the mineral destiny of planets
though minute cities are puffed away by the wind?

Israel is a marriage between youth and the soil
and we, who cannot easily unlearn our loves,
dream that this land may unburden you of history;
and in that absolution from the past
the gangrened breast of earth will heal
and the desert yield its buried harvests.

Aaron At Sinai

By Leo Haber

I, Aaron, heir to a thousand curses, both of Pharaoh
who would declare me the source of my brother's words and magic
and of our own coarse people who would have me
contrive for them bird or calf,
half-sure he will never come down this day alive,—
I say that they underestimate this man.

Not by his words or deeds am I driven to accept his God,
but by his accomplishments.
That this shy, weak-kneed, inept man,
heavy of speech, hot-tempered, meekly humorless,
who would prefer to play husband to his Egyptian mistress,
could build a nation of this heady, bold breed
over the ashes of the dying, ignorant old world
is indeed testimony of a higher excellence.
I, Aaron, who spoke *his* slow words
and worked *his* wild miracles,
know he will come down with the new world piled on his shoulders.

Now I stand between the golden calf and the mountain,
adjudged the greater man by the people,
the fountain of all magic,
waiting lamely for the lesser man who is my brother
and my only road to fame.
I stand between the strife of gold and God,
shuttling between the two.
It is a hard, but inevitable life for any good Jew.

THEODOR HERZL's voluminous diaries are little known to the English reader, only inadequate excerpts having been published thus far. To remedy this situation a volume of Herzl's diaries, edited and translated by Marvin Lowenthal, will be published by Dial Press this spring. The following entries are excerpts from this volume.

Interview in Rome

By THEODOR HERZL

Rome, January 23, [1904],
5:00 A.M. in bed.

EARLY yesterday morning I was to go with Lippay to the Vatican. He had a number of errands to do, and it was a quarter to twelve before we drove up to the Porta di Bronzo. The Swiss guards and the lackeys all knew him. Like one of the mighty he strode up the steps and through the loggias of his colleague Raphael. He reported my presence to the Secretary of State, Merry del Val, and then took me into the ante-room of the Pope, where he left me to myself. As he disappeared he said, "Now I go to the Pope."

The wait—an hour long—was far from tedious. There was continuous entertainment in the comings and goings of the guards, chamberlains, prelates, and the flunkies in their red damask-silk liveries. All the colors were marvellously blended: the world's greatest artists had collaborated with the tailors.

In the first ante-chamber, where I was sitting, two tall, very bored grenadiers stood motionless on a green carpet. They had their backs turned to a large, beautiful bronze crucifix which rested on a console, flanked by two bronze saints in an attitude of prayer. After a while the grenadiers started marching up and down in unison, their sabers at a horizontal tilt, up

and down, over and over. Then they again came to a standstill, with their backs to the crucifix.

Ladies gowned in black, and ribboned and rosetted gentlemen in swallow-tails, emerged from the second ante-chamber, where I caught a glimpse of a red carpet. They were coming from the Pope.

It all had the unmistakable air of a great court.

And the crucified one, pitiable and suffering, the image of human misery, looked down from his bronze form upon the marble walls and the court life that thrives here in his name—and has thriven these many centuries. If he could have foreseen it all when he cried from the cross, "Eli, Eli!" would it have made his death easier or harder?

Then Lippay returned and led me to the apartments—the Borgia, if I'm not mistaken—occupied by the Secretary of State.

Here are the beautiful, devout, and naive frescoes of Pinturicchio: the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, the divine child in the lowly manger—*nous en sommes loin*.

When my term of waiting expired, I was conducted into another room, the council chamber of the Sacred College. A green table surrounded by red and gold armchairs. In the background, once again the tortured God upon the Cross.

Several ambassadors were waiting on the Secretary of State.

My turn came last.

Lippay ushered me in, kissed Cardinal Merry del Val's hand, and presented me. Then he made his adieux, kissed the cardinalian hand a second time, and a third, and departed.

Merry del Val bade me be seated, and soon the conversation, which I conducted in French, was in full swing.

The Cardinal is thirty-eight years old, tall, slender, aristocratic. Fine, large, brown, inquiring yet not unreligious eyes; a youthful but grave countenance, the hair at his temples showing the first streaks of grey.

I told him what I wanted: the good will of the Holy See for our cause.

He said: "I do not rightly see how we can take the initiative in this. So long as the Jews deny the divinity of Christ, we certainly cannot side with them. Not that we have any ill will toward them. On the contrary, the Church has always protected them. They are for us the indispensable witnesses of what took place in the days when God dwelt on earth. But they persist in denying the divinity of Christ. How then, short of abandoning our own highest principles, can we agree to their regaining possession of the Holy Land?"

"We are asking only for the profane earth; the Holy Places are to be exteriorialized."

"Ah, but it is virtually impossible to think of them as set apart, one from the other, in such terms."

"Still, I ask Your Eminence, is the present state of things more congenial to Christendom? Don't you think it would be more in keeping with the religious sentiments of every Christian denomination if another order of affairs were inaugurated?"

"The College of Cardinals has never considered the question. Of course the existence of such a movement is well known through the press. But the College

as such could not take official cognizance of the matter unless an exposition of the case were submitted to it."

"It would be in consonance with the great political views of the Church, Your Eminence, if the Holy See declared itself in our favor—or, let us say, as not against us. I have always admired the Catholic Church, which I know through its art and jurisprudence, for its large perspectives and strength of endurance. You could achieve in this matter a great moral conquest."

"Certainly," he said, "a Jew who accepts baptism out of conviction is for me the ideal person. I see in him the physical, lineal descendant of Christ's people united with the heritage of Christ's spirit. A Jew who acknowledges the divinity of Christ—*mais c'est St. Pierre, c'est St. Paul*. The history of Israel is our own history, it is our foundation. But in order that we should come out for the Jewish people in the way you desire, they would first have to accept conversion."

"Recall, Your Eminence, the traveler and his cloak. The wind, blow as it would, couldn't strip him of it; but the sun smiled it away from him. We have withstood the storms of persecution; we are still alive and here. Perhaps the sunshine of kindness will succeed where the winds of opposition failed."

"Undoubtedly that is an argument which can be taken into account. Still, I see no possibility of our assuming the initiative."

"You are not asked to, Your Eminence. The initiative will eventually be taken by one of the Great Powers. You are only requested to lend your endorsement. So far as the material and temporal aspects are concerned, I have gone from one Great Power to another and secured their approval. Here is a proof—Plehve's last letter to me. But I also wish to obtain the spiritual approval of the Church of Rome."

He read through Plehve's letter thought-

fully—the first page twice over, as though he were memorizing it.

Then he promised the *prise en considération* of my request.

He gave me permission to come again. I begged to be allowed to lay my respects at the feet of the Holy Father. He undertook to ask the Pope to accord me an audience.

The conversation, to Lippay's surprise, had lasted three-quarters of an hour (past the Cardinal's dinner-time).

Rome, January 23, [1904].

TODAY I had my audience with the King.

I lounged about the hotel until half past ten. Then I ordered my driver (*coupé de remise*) to land me at the Quirinal, after a leisurely *giro*, at five minutes past eleven.

On the drive through old-new Rome I got the idea of building a street in Jerusalem which should be called Diaspora Road and be lined with architectural specimens from all the ages and lands through which the Jewish people have made their way. Building regulations to be prescribed for each block on the street, and sites would be allotted (*gratis?*) only to persons who pledged themselves to build in the style of their particular block.

At 11:05 I drew up before the King's wing of the Quirinal.

The staircase handsome, but not magnificent.

After the long climb I regained my breath in the adjutant's room. A general and a captain introduced themselves and were very pleasant. We talked with gusto—in Italian, so far as my resources stretched.

At twenty past eleven a monk, wearing a cardinal's cap, came out of the King's room.

Immediately afterwards, I was summoned. The captain went ahead of me and called out my name through the door-

way—I think he flung open both its doors.

In the audience-chamber the King came up to me, wearing a general's uniform without sword and with a friendly smile held out his hand as if to an acquaintance. He is very short, but he has broad shoulders and a trim military bearing.

He indicated an armchair: "*Déposez votre chapeau!*"

Then he sat down close by my side on the sofa; rather, I should say, he hoisted himself up and wriggled back—as a child might do—with his feet swinging clear of the floor.

His small stature seems to be the inner grief of this monarch, who in other respects gave me the impression of being by no means insignificant. He is clever, highly educated, very engaging, and exceedingly modest. Once seated, he has no further desire to be imposing. *Il me mit à mon aise*, and in fact I chatted away a whole hour with him in the freest manner. He hasn't a trace of royalty's affectations. He has *son franc parler* and a lively mind.

We were often both speaking at the same time—carried away by the animation of our talk (in French). It darted, too, from one topic to another with such bewildering variety that now, only a day later, I find myself unable to reconstruct it. . . .

Then we got onto Palestine, I forget how.

"I know the country well," he said; "I have been there on several occasions. Also, at the very time my father was assassinated. The land is already very Jewish. It will and must become yours; it is merely a question of time. Once you have a half a million Jews there. . . ."

"They are not allowed to enter, Sire."

"Nonsense, everything can be done with baksheesh."

"But that is what I do not want. Our project entails investments and improve-

ments, and I do not want them undertaken as long as the country is not ours."

He laughed and quoted an Italian expression—something to the effect that this would be fixing up someone else's house—*casa di altri*.

"First," I said, "I would like to win over the Sultan."

"The only thing," said the King, "that has any effect on him is money. If you promise him, in return for the Jordan valley, half the profit it brings, he'll let you have it."

"Yes, but we require autonomy."

"He will hear nothing on that. He dislikes the word."

"I'll be satisfied, Sire, with the thing. Let them call it what they please. . . ."

Then, in a twinkle, we found ourselves talking about Sabbatai Zvi, with whose history he was familiar. He added the following detail:

"One of my ancestors, my grandfather eleven or twelve times removed, one Charles Emmanuel, conspired with Zvi. He had ambitions to become King of Macedonia, or Cyprus, I forget, anyhow King somewhere or other. *Il était un peu fou, mais il avait de grandes idées*. [He was a bit cracked, but he had big ideas]."

Next he spoke of the messiah in general (with understandable banter), and asked if there were still Jews who expected him.

"Naturally, Your Majesty, among religious circles. In our own, the university-trained and enlightened classes, no such thought exists."

Then it came out that he had taken me at first for a rabbi.

"No, no, Sire, our movement has a purely national character," I said. And to his amusement I told him how in Palestine I had avoided using a white horse or a white ass, so no one would embarrass me with Messianic confusions. He laughed.

What else?

He related how General Ottolenghi had

once sought in vain to muster together a *minyan* in Naples.

He spoke of the Jews in Eritrea, in China, and elsewhere.

He told me of his deep interest in our ancient race.

"But sometimes," he said, "I have Jewish callers who wince perceptibly at the mere mention of the word Jew. That is the sort I do not like. Then I really begin talking about Jews. I am only fond of people who have no desire to appear other than they are."

What next?

I described my original Sinai scheme.

Then, Uganda.

He said: "I am glad you have given up Uganda. I like this love for Jerusalem. . . . I myself have seen the Jews at the Wailing Wall. I used to think it was a farce, until I saw it with my own eyes. No beggars, but men like yourself were weeping. . . ."

Rome, January 26, [1904].

YESTERDAY I was with the Pope [Pius X]. Along the familiar route which I have traversed several times with Lippay. Past the Swiss lackeys who looked like clerics, the clerics who looked like lackeys, the Papal officers and chamberlains.

I arrived ten minutes ahead of time, and without having to wait I was conducted through a number of small reception rooms to the Pope.

He received me standing and held out his hand, which I did not kiss. Lippay had told me I had to do it, but I didn't.

I believe that this spoiled my chances with him, for everyone who visits him kneels and at least kisses his hand. This hand kiss had worried me a great deal and I was glad when it was out of the way.

He seated himself in an armchair, a throne for minor affairs, and invited me

to sit by his side. He smiled in kindly anticipation.

I began:

"Ringrazio Vostra Santità per il favore di m'aver accordato quest'udienza." [I thank Your Holiness for the favor of granting me this audience.]

"È un piacere," he said with amiable deprecation.

I begged him to excuse my miserable Italian, but he said, "*No, parla molta bene, signor Commendatore.*" [No, Signor Commander, you speak very well.]

For I wore for the first time—on Lip-pay's advice—my Medjidié ribbon. Consequently the Pope addressed me throughout as Commendatore.

He is an honest, rough-hewn village priest, to whom Christianity has remained a living thing even in the Vatican.

I briefly laid my request before him. But annoyed perhaps by my refusal to kiss his hand, he answered in a stern categorical manner:

"*Noi non possiamo favorire questo movimento. Non potremo impedire gli Ebrei di andare a Gerusalemme—ma favorire non possiamo mai. La terra di Gerusalemme se non era sempre santa, è santificata per la vita di Gesù Christo (he did not pronounce it *Gesu*, but in the Venetian fashion *Jesu*). Io come capo della chiesa non posso dirle altra cosa. Gli Ebrei non hanno riconosciuto nostro Signore, perciò non possiamo riconoscere il popolo ebreo.*" [We are unable to favor this movement. We cannot prevent the Jews from going to Jerusalem—but we could never sanction it. The ground of Jerusalem, if it were not always sacred, has been sanctified by the life of Jesus Christ. As the head of the Church I cannot answer you otherwise. The Jews have not recognized our Lord, therefore we cannot recognize the Jewish people.]

The conflict between Rome and Jerusalem, represented by the one and the other of us, was once again under way.

At the outset I tried to be conciliatory.

I said my little piece about exterritorialization and *res sacrae extra commercium gentium*. It didn't greatly impress him. *Gerusalemme* was not to be placed in Jewish hands.

"And its present status, Holy Father?"

"I know, it is disagreeable to see the Turks in possession of our Holy Places. We simply have to put up with it. But to sanction the Jewish wish to occupy these sites, that we cannot do."

I said that we based our movement solely on the sufferings of the Jews, and wished to put aside all religious issues.

"Yes, but we, but I as the head of the Catholic Church, cannot do this. One of two things will likely happen. Either the Jews will retain their ancient faith and continue to await the Messiah who we believe has already appeared—in which case they are denying the divinity of Jesus and we cannot assist them. Or else they will go there with no religion whatever, and then we can have nothing at all to do with them.

"The Jewish faith was the foundation of our own, but it has been superseded by the teachings of Christ, and we cannot admit that it still enjoys any validity. The Jews who should have been the first to acknowledge Jesus Christ have not done so to this day."

It was on the tip of my tongue to remark, "It happens in every family: no one believes in his own relative." But, instead, I said: "Terror and persecution were not precisely the best means for converting the Jews."

His reply had an element of grandeur in its simplicity:

"Our Lord came without power. *Era povero*. He came in *pace*. He persecuted no one. He was *abbandonato* even by his apostles. It was only later that he attained stature. It took three centuries for the Church to evolve. The Jews therefore had plenty of time in which to accept his divinity without duress or pressure. But they chose not to do so, and

they have not done it yet."

"But, Holy Father, the Jews are in a terrible plight. I do not know if Your Holiness is aware of the full extent of their tragedy. We need a land for these harried people."

"Must it be *Gerusalemme*?"

"We are not asking for Jerusalem, but for Palestine—for only the secular land."

"We cannot be in favor of it."

"Does Your Holiness know the situation of the Jews?"

"Yes, from my days in Mantua, where there are Jews. I have always been in friendly relations with Jews. Only the other evening two Jews were here to see me. There are other bonds than those of religion: social intercourse, for example, and philanthropy. Such bonds we do not refuse to maintain with the Jews. Indeed we also pray for them, that their spirit see the light. This very day the Church is celebrating the feast of an unbeliever who became converted in a miraculous manner—on the road to Damascus. And so, if you come to Palestine and settle your people there, we will be ready with churches and priests to baptize all of you."

At this point Conte Lippay had himself announced. The Pope bade him be admitted. The Conte kneeled, kissed his hand, and joined in the conversation by telling of our "miraculous" meeting in the Bauer beer-hall at Venice. The miracle was that he had originally intended to

stay overnight in Padua, and instead, it turned out that he was given to hear me express the wish to kiss the Holy Father's foot.

At this the Pope made *une tête*, for I hadn't even kissed his hand. Lippay proceeded to tell how I had expiated on the noble qualities of Jesus Christ. The Pope listened, and now and then took a pinch of snuff and sneezed into a big red cotton handkerchief. It is these peasant touches which I like about him best and which most of all compel my respect.

Lippay, it would appear, wanted to account for his introducing me, and perhaps ward off a word of reproach. But the Pope said: "On the contrary, I am glad you brought me the Signor Commendatore."

As to the real business, he repeated what he had told me: *Non possumus!* Until he dismissed us.

Lippay stayed on his knees for an unconscionable time and never seemed to tire of kissing his hand. It was apparent that this was what the Pope liked. But on taking leave, I contented myself with shaking his hand warmly and bowing deeply.

The audience lasted about twenty-five minutes.

While spending the next hour in the Raphael *stanze*, I saw a picture of an Emperor kneeling before a seated Pope and receiving the crown from his hands.

That's how Rome wants it.

Section Eight

By SHLOMO KATZ

I. The Draft

Ave Caesar! We who are about to die . . .

Nonsense. Who is about to die?

Twenty-four unknown soldiers and Jacob, sat in the hospital clinic waiting to be examined for the draft.

"Gentlemen," the doctor said. "Gentlemen unknown soldiers!" And he waved a sheaf of printed forms.

"Which do you prefer, gentlemen, Arlington or a fascist concentration camp?"

"Arlington, of course. We love democracy."

"All right, men, take it easy now, one at a time please."

Jacob is called, twenty-four sit and fidget, sit and fidget for democracy.

We love democracy; we also love to die; it's so nice to die; all young people love to die.

Miss Greentree, please take a letter: "Dear Sir: Yours of the 16th inst. received and wish to state that all young people love to die. Very very truly yours."

Jacob was displeased, self-conscious, eager to please, anxious to have it over with, and he muttered to himself: "It is unfair."

"What is unfair?" he at once challenged himself.

"It's all unfair, the whole works; besides, the doctor and the clerk are dressed and I have only my shoes on. This is unfair. They should let me take off my shoes too." He was about to say something on this subject but the doctor began tapping his chest and muttering something to the clerk.

"He has a heart of gold," the twenty-four unknown soldiers recited in unison.

"Heart, gold, 1," the clerk wrote.

"His eyes are the eyes of an exile," they chanted.

"Eyes, exiled, 2," the clerk noted.

"His wandering feet traversed many a night."

"Feet, wandering, 2," went down on the form.

"He has but one life to give," they declared pointing at Jacob. "Ah, what a shame and what a pity."

"Section Eight" is part of a larger "work in progress" that aims to trace basic spiritual transformations of our generation.

"Life, expendable, 1," the clerk wrote.

"Are you married?" the doctor asked.

"No," Jacob said.

The doctor felt the spermatic cord. "Now cough," he ordered.

Jacob coughed uneasily while the twenty-four intoned: "For I will multiply thy seed like unto the sand on the shores of the sea."

"Once more!" the doctor ordered. "That's better."

"And thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs," the chanting subsided into a mournful murmur.

The clerk wrote: "Testes, abnormal, productive of excessive offspring shiftless in character, 2."

"Say ah. Again, louder, ahhhhhh. Not so good. Tonsils infected. Are you a fifth columnist by any chance?"

"No, doctor, I am not a fifth columnist. I've loved democracy all the time. Way back in 1928, when everyone was for Hoover, I was in high school then, and there was a girl in my class that we were all crazy about, so she upped and said that she was a Democrat and her folks would vote for Smith. Ever since I have been for democracy and Smith."

"Political affiliation, premature democrat," the clerk wrote.

"That's fine," the doctor approved.

"Yes, that's fine," Jacob seconded him.

"How are your teeth?"

"Look."

"Six teeth missing. An unknown soldier with four molars and two canines gone. Will that do, gentlemen? Will he do?" the doctor asked.

"For he is 1A in the army and A1 in my heart," the twenty-four sang and stamped their feet. "He is for Smith and he'll do."

Ave Caesar, here he comes.

II. The Induction

"Now raise your right hands and say 'I do!'"

"I do!" came the organ response.

"Now you men can sit down again. The lieutenant will give a little talk. Pay close attention to what he says."

The lieutenant entered through a door back of the platform, quickly approached the small table and began fumbling with the papers that littered it. He looked for something and could not find it. He started to talk as he continued his search. His voice was indistinct. "Well now, men, you're in; I mean really in, heh heh heh. Not as bad as you think, not really. You'll see for yourself. 'Smatter of fact, this is a man's life. Of course, you got to learn a thing or two, and, what I mean, you got a job to do, a big job. On the other hand, you look to me like a good bunch of men; you won't find it hard at all. Well, as I was saying, Congratulations! Yeah, congratulations and good luck and all that. You got your job and it's all cut out for you, and I got my job too; that's the way we have it here, teamwork, like a football team for instance. Well, you know, there's a captain and there's a coach and there's running interference and tackling and all that sort of thing. But you got to use your head too, and there are some things you men don't know and

you got to learn them, and it's my job here to give you one of the basic fundamentals. I mean about the enemy, what sort of man he is. In just a minute, as soon as I find what I am looking for, you'll get the idea what I mean."

He gave the papers a last shuffle, then began going through his pockets. His face lit up. "There it is, right in my pocket all the time. Well, anyway, men, like I said, about the enemy. I got it down here and you'll get the point right away. To make things easier we have worked out a little system, so here is how it goes. Every one of you turn around so as to face the man in the row back of you. Let each one imagine that the man he is facing is the enemy. Now I'll read you from this paper, sentence by sentence, and you recite after me. At the end of each sentence point at the man you are facing and repeat the last word three times. Now let's start:

"I am good and you are bad!"

"Bad, bad, bad!" the response thundered.

"I am right and you are wrong!"

"Wrong, wrong, wrong!"

"I am brave and you are yellow!"

"Yellow, yellow, yellow!" the men poked each other in the chest.

"Now let us put a little more life into it!" the lieutenant ordered. "I will win and you will lose!"

"Lose, lose, lose!"

"I am big and you are small!"

"Small, small, small!"

"I will stand and you will fall!"

"Fall, fall, fall!"

"My girl is pure, your dame is a whore!"

"Whore, whore, whore!"

"I tell the truth, you only lie!"

"Lie, lie, lie!"

"I will live and you will die!"

"Die! die! die!"

"That's all; like I told you, it's easy; nothing to it for a man with any gumption. But you get the general idea. Now we are practically through here. The corporal there will take you all to the supply room where you'll be issued uniforms and rifles, and then you'll get your shots and all the rest of that. Corporal, take over!"

They filed out into the drizzling twilight. The entire area was deep in mud and they stepped gingerly on a rickety catwalk that meandered alongside the buildings. The head of the file halted at the door of the huge supply building, and one by one they entered and made their way along the counters heaped with uniforms. Quickly the various items were tossed to the men as they passed and checked off on the printed forms each carried with him. The rear end of the line was still trailing far outdoors when the head of the file was already leaving through the other exit.

Lugging his load of clothing, Jacob approached the last of the counters. The supply sergeant tossed a cartridge belt and some other webbed items in his direction without looking at him, then took the printed form to make the required entries. He casually glanced over it, made a few marks, and was

about to return it to Jacob for his signature when his eye caught on some fine print on the bottom of the sheet that startled him. "W-o-w-w-w-!" he exclaimed softly and fixed Jacob with a stare of amazement, admiration and also much compassion.

"Hey, fellas, look what I got here!" he called to the others behind the counters.

A few of the clerks stepped up; others called from a distance: "What you got there, Sarge?"

"One of *them*!" the sergeant called back while the clerks crowded about him trying to see the printed form. Having satisfied themselves that the form did say what they expected, they too looked at Jacob with surprise and pity. Some whistled meaningfully.

Jacob did not know what all the excitement was about and felt too embarrassed to ask, especially since he had no inkling of what could possibly have gone wrong.

"X-17; boy, you sure are *it*!" the sergeant explained, leaving him as uncomprehending as before.

"What's *it*, Sarge?" Jacob ventured timidly, but the sergeant did not bother to answer. Instead he called another clerk to take charge of his counter and beckoned Jacob to follow him.

They made their way through the labyrinth of loaded counters and passed through a number of adjoining rooms until they came to a locked door. The sergeant opened it and they entered a small dark room. He turned on the light. Jacob looked about himself in perplexity. It seemed to be a museum room. A number of suits of medieval armor stood rigidly along two walls. Sheaves of spears and battle axes leaned in disorder against the other walls. In one corner lay a heap of metal objects that looked like maces.

"That one should be just about right," the sergeant said pointing to one of the suits of armor after measuring Jacob with his eyes. "That should just about fit you." He went up to it and began dismantling it. "Come on, let's not waste time; try this one," he ordered Jacob.

"But this is medieval armor!" Jacob cried. "What goes on here? Are we going to play King Arthur?"

"Look, fella," the sergeant said gruffly, "we don't play games here. Orders call for this, and this you'll get. Now get into it."

Jacob struggled with the cumbersome metal pieces. With the sergeant's aid he finally got them all on and laced. He stood rigidly and could barely move. The sergeant looked him over appraisingly and decided: "It fits."

"But how will I get around in it?" Jacob protested. "I can barely move at all."

"That's tough," the sergeant ruled impersonally, "but orders are orders."

Jacob felt trapped and ventured one more question: "How come none of the other fellows get this junk?"

"It's not junk, and only those get it whose orders call for it. But don't worry; you won't have to wear it all the time. This is a special uniform for special assignments only."

"But I haven't received any special assignments!"

"No? Maybe not. When you get them you'll have to wear this when on special duty. Now take off the suit and let's get going. I got a lot of work

to do, and you got plenty ahead of you too. Here, you can have this key to the room."

Jacob followed him back through the maze of rooms and counters. He picked up the cloth uniform he had been issued and stepped outside. It was dark. The group he was with was far down the street where they waited to be inoculated.

It was ten o'clock before Jacob completed his induction formalities and was assigned a cot in a barrack. He dumped his new possessions on his bed and sat down exhausted. His mind was in a whirl. He very much wanted to think about some of the strange things that happened to him that day, but he could not. All about him was the noise of men talking, laughing and arranging their things. There was a hum in his head and his brain seemed to press hard against his forehead and the forward part of his skull. He resigned himself to the hum.

III. The Obstacle Course

It was long past midnight when Jacob finally dropped into restless sleep crowded with anxious dreams. At first the dreams were all mixed but gradually they sorted themselves into a semblance of order. In his dream Jacob found himself in a crowded barrack, but the barrack was in the hands of the enemy and everyone in it was a prisoner of war. Periodically enemy soldiers entered and picked at random ten of the men and led them outside to be shot. The sound of the volleys was heard distinctly inside, yet no one seemed concerned about them. Jacob was engaged in a heated argument with someone about furloughs. "I tell you that when you go on furlough you carry your weapons with you," he insisted. His opponent, whose indistinct face irritated him unreasonably, denied this. But even as he was pursuing his argument Jacob tried to draw his antagonist into a remote corner of the barrack to avoid being picked for execution with the next group. "Come, I'll show you where the rifles are stacked in the corner," he insisted, as if the sight of the rack would somehow settle the argument in his favor. His antagonist was doubtful and followed him unwillingly. They reached the rack in the corner, but just then the enemy soldiers entered and forced a path through the crowded barrack to the corner. There they picked up the next group of prisoners for execution, including Jacob and his opponent. As they were being led out the man insistently repeated, "See? I told you! Wasn't that what I said? You don't take your weapons with you on furlough." "Well, yes, I guess you are right," Jacob conceded and at once began worrying whether he would be first to be shot. The group was led to the rear of the kitchen behind the mess hall. They were not lined up, and huddled in a bunch beside the wall. Jacob heard the enemy officer instruct his men: "Look into their eyes," he said, "use a flashlight. If any of them have grey eyes, count them out." This strange order did not surprise Jacob in the least, though he wondered what being "counted out" meant. Instead he suddenly felt almost glad. "Now I will find out what is the true color of my eyes," he thought. One after another the men were called and an enemy soldier flashed a light into their eyes. "No," was the brief report after each examination and the victim was led toward the lined up garbage cans and shot by a volley

from three rifles. Jacob was sixth to be called. His curiosity and light-headedness vanished. "Now they will shoot me," he thought as he dragged his heavy feet toward the enemy soldier with the flashlight. Frantically he hoped for some unexpected reprieve but knew that he was doomed. When the light flashed into his eyes he blinked. Rills of chilly sweat ran down his body. "I am so sleepy I can't open my eyes," he begged. "Take the next one while I wash my eyes with some cold water." "Now," the enemy soldier said gruffly, "it's your turn."

Jacob awoke with a start. The light from a small fountain-pen flashlight played on his face. The light was held by a general in full dress uniform. It was the camp commander. "It's your turn," he said to Jacob, "follow me." Jacob leaped out of bed and dressed quickly. The general waited for him and meanwhile nervously poked the slim beam of light on the walls and ceiling. "Bang!" he said each time he halted the light on one spot. "Should I take my rifle?" Jacob asked. "Say 'Sir' when you address me," the general replied severely. "Now follow me."

Quietly they went outside and Jacob meekly followed the general as he made his way confidently in the dark over invisible paths. The lights of the camp were soon lost behind them and by the rustling on either side Jacob concluded that they were walking amid many trees. After almost an hour they emerged from the forest. Here too the darkness was so intense that nothing could be discerned. "It should be somewhere around here," the general said. "What are we looking for, sir?" Jacob asked. "The obstacle course," the general whispered and got down on his hands and knees and began groping around. Jacob followed his example. "Let us use your flashlight to find it," Jacob suggested. "It's against regulations," the general said. "Here it is," the general finally announced. "I don't see anything," Jacob complained, "it's too dark." "Lie down flat on the ground and feel with your hands extended and you will find it."

Jacob did as he was ordered and his fingers touched the edge of a crevice in the ground. "Is this the obstacle course, sir?" he asked. "This is only part of it," the general whispered, "this is only a ditch. You are supposed to jump over it." "Now? In the dark?" Jacob wondered. "No, not now; now I am only giving you the nomenclature." "Is it deep?" "Yes, it is very deep." "And how wide is it?" Jacob also spoke in a whisper. "It is of variable width," the general answered. "Suppose I fall in?" "You won't fall in." "I have a feeling that I most certainly shall fall in." "That often happens," the general said. "In that case you wait until you feel you can make the jump." "What if the waiting lasts a long time?" "You wait as long as is necessary and then you make your leap." "Suppose I wait so long that I die waiting?" "What of it?" "Will they release my body for civilian burial?" "Of course not! What an idea!" "What will they do with me if I die?" "Your body will be tossed over the ditch and then it will be buried with due military honors." "Will they let my family come to visit my grave?" "On Decoration Day only." "I see," Jacob said.

"Now move to this side and we will go to the next obstacle," the general said. "Is the ditch so short that we can crawl around it?" "It is a ditch; its length doesn't matter. Here is the next obstacle, feel it." "It feels like a smooth wall." "It is a smooth wall." "Does it have any doors or windows

in it?" "No, you are supposed to scale it." "It appears to be very high; I can't reach the top." "It is quite high." "Then how will I scale it since it is so smooth and there is nothing to hold on to?" "There are no rules governing this. Everyone works out his own procedures. This is one advantage of the obstacle course—many regulations are suspended here. This gives you a chance to show your ingenuity. Do you have any ideas how you will overcome the obstacle of the wall?" "I can't think of any at the moment," Jacob said, "but I might simply stand before it, and maybe weep and implore it to let me pass." "You mean you would make a wailing wall of it?" the general asked. "You might call it that if you wish, sir." "It is a highly unorthodox method," the general whispered deliberately, "but, as I said, many rules are suspended here, and certain liberties are allowed on this course that are not tolerated elsewhere. In fact, the suspension of many rules is in itself a rule that may not be broken, and should you decide to use this method, I do not have the authority to hinder you. But this you will have to decide later. You may change your mind; at least I hope you will."

"Are there many more obstacles?" Jacob wanted to know. "The number does not matter," the general explained. "An obstacle course is a qualitative not a quantitative fact; this you must understand, otherwise you miss the entire point. Some obstacles are not obstacles at all—at least they do not offer the same measure of hindrance to everyone. The question is a twofold one: to what extent they are obstacles to you, and the manner in which you approach the solution of the problem. For instance, if you were to wait at the ditch till you are certain that you won't fall in when you jump, you may wait all your life, as you yourself said, and in that case it becomes an insuperable obstacle to you. I am trying to explain this roughly, for the matter is really much more complicated. Let us crawl over to the next one and you will understand better what I mean. Now here is a barbed wire concertina through which you will have to crawl. You may think that all you will have to do is avoid tearing your hands and knees on the wire. It is impossible, for instance, to fall out of it. It does not require either jumping or scaling. And sometimes it is really as simple as all that. But there are days when we let a stream of water flow through the barbed wire concertina." "How is that possible when the concertina consists only of loops of wire? What will hold the water inside it?" Jacob wanted to know. "It is a good question and I expected you to ask it," the general said, "but I will not answer it now; as a matter of fact I will never answer it and you will never know how it is done. It is enough for you to know that it is done and that you will have to negotiate the concertina when there is at least a foot of water in it. At times we release small fish into the concertina. They are no hindrance in themselves, but as they swim around they tickle you and you have to control yourself and not wiggle unnecessarily, otherwise you will tear your skin on the barbed wire." "Then I will rip my skin," Jacob said matter-of-factly. "I am not afraid of pain." "If you are not afraid of pain you have the makings of a good soldier and I will personally tell your corporal about it tomorrow and ask him to keep an eye on you with a view to your future promotion. But in regard to the obstacle course your attitude to pain is irrelevant. You must preserve the skin of your hands not because of the pain but on account of the next obstacle which you will have to face. That con-

sists of a rope suspended from a big tree. When you emerge from the concertina you have to seize this rope and swing on it as far as you can. Let the momentum carry you, and drop off when you reach the farthest point of the arc. Should you by any chance injure your hands in the concertina, you will either be unable to hold on to the rope and will have to start again, or you will be so paralyzed by pain that you will not be able to let go and you might continue swinging back and forth indefinitely." "What kind of tree is the rope suspended from?" Jacob wanted to know. "Oh, the tree, it is quite a remarkable tree," the general said still in a whisper, but there was enthusiasm in his voice. "It is the tree under which Washington—or rather his representative—accepted Cornwallis's sword." "But that was at Yorktown," Jacob demurred. "Of course," the general agreed. "We had it transplanted here. We brought it specially for the obstacle course. Naturally, you can't see it now because it is so dark, but you can take my word for it that it is a huge tree. Bringing it here was a big job. But now we must return to our subject. The obstacle after the swinging rope was nicknamed by somebody Evolution Obstacle. I do not want you to call it that because we disapprove of levity here, though now, in the dark, I must admit that the nickname is not entirely inept, even though it is a little too obvious. It consists first of a pool across which you have to swim, then a stretch covered with sharp gravel over which it is necessary to crawl, then comes a horizontal ladder. The first half of the ladder has to be negotiated hand-over-hand, the second half has to be walked over upright. A trite name, you will agree. And after that we come to the ditch." "Another ditch?" Jacob asked. "No," the general said, "the same ditch." "Then this is a circular obstacle course. I did not notice this in the dark," Jacob said. "No," the general was displeased. "This is not a circular obstacle course even though it is the same ditch. I see that despite my instruction you still cling to your civilian delusions. I will therefore again try to give you some conceptions that may prove useful to you. Please observe, for instance, that in the present case the course might be straight and yet the ditch may be curved, in fact it may encircle the entire obstacle course. I said 'it *may*' encircle the course, because actually it doesn't do anything of the sort. For after this ditch you will again find the wall and the concertina and the other obstacles. I merely offered the suggestion to you as one of innumerable possibilities—in this case one that does not apply. In time you will get to understand this much better." "Then I will never finish running the course," Jacob objected. "When you address a superior officer you must say 'Sir,' and you simply must not jump to conclusions," the general observed. "Now you are doing just that—jumping to a conclusion that is not necessarily so. I am in a position to throw some light on this subject now. As a matter of fact, I brought you here precisely for this purpose. Had you not been so befuddled by the events of recent days, it would have occurred to you that it was strange that an officer of general's rank should bring you here at night to indoctrinate you in the principles of the obstacle course. It could very well have been done during the day, and perhaps even by someone of lower rank. But I have with me orders received from the War Department which I have to impart to you. These orders are, naturally, top secret, and therefore the dark of night was required for their revelation to you. These orders

cannot be countermanded. They are final. Yet their implementation offers many possibilities which we cannot foresee at this time. Briefly, these orders concern your permanent and chief role in this great historic conflict in which we are at present engaged and which, God willing, we shall carry to a triumphant conclusion. Jacob! Soon the men in your unit will be shipped to the front to meet such fate as awaits them and to acquit themselves as best they can—all the men but one, and you are that exception. The War Department has assigned to you a unique role of manifold implications, and this role you are to fulfill for the duration, however long or short that may be. You will be freed from all other duties—at least from all those that might interfere with your assignment. You will not go overseas; you will never see the enemy. It will be your duty and your privilege to run this obstacle course once a day, every day, as long as the war lasts. While doing so you will wear your armor, of course. This is your assignment. Are you content with it?"

"Will it help the larger effort of all?" Jacob asked.

"You must say 'Sir' when you address me," the general snapped.

IV. The Bayonet Course

The platoon lay sprawled on the gravel in front of the barrack watching the corporal setting up a crude diagram of a human body on a shaky easel. When he finished balancing it he winked to the men: "This is going to be fun."

"That's a hell of a pin-up you got there, Corp," someone remarked, but the corporal only repeated his hint: "This is going to be fun."

"Now let me have your attention, men," he assumed a serious mien. "Today you will learn about the use of the bayonet. A bayonet is the most important weapon a man has; don't let anyone tell you different. A rifle is fine, and artillery and tanks and planes and all the rest of that are all very good. But there is no weapon like a bayonet in a pinch. It's part of you and you are part of it. That's why I want you to pay careful attention. Now if you will look closely at this chart you will note . . ."

But just then a ribald breeze pressed against the precariously balanced chart. It rocked and gently slid to the ground.

"To hell with the chart," the corporal said in disgust, "we'll do it a better way. You there, Jake," he beckoned to Jacob, "come over here and face the platoon." Jacob obeyed.

"Now you will observe carefully," the corporal went on pointing at Jacob, "that there are three vulnerable areas in a man: the head, the belly and the groin. Get him in any one of the three and he is your meat. Don't bother about any other part; it's not worth the trouble. We will start at the top. The thing to do there is jab him in the throat. That's easy. All you have to do is get the bayonet point in an inch or two and he is through. If you can't do that, then try to hit him on the chin with the butt of your rifle. You can hit him either horizontally or vertically, then you smash him in the face a couple of times. Let me show you how."

The corporal took his bayoneted rifle and went through the motions a few inches from Jacob's face.

"Now, next is the stomach area. That's nice and soft. Don't jab an enemy in the ribs. You'll only get yourself in trouble. Your bayonet will get stuck or break. But the stomach—that's a different story. Easy to get into. And you do it this way, with a long thrust that goes deep into him. Then you withdraw and give him another jab, just to make sure.

"But if you have closed in with the enemy and you have no chance to make a thrust, then you use the butt again, on his groin this time. One quick one will do the trick."

Again he illustrated the movements on Jacob and ordered him back to the group. He looked about, saw that no one else was around and gave the men permission to smoke. He lit one himself and proceeded in relaxed and confidential tone.

"Well, men, you can forget about the chart and all this sort of crap. You guys don't need a chart. You know what the score is. It's the principle that counts in bayonet work, and as I look at you I have an idea that you all know what that is. Of course, you will have to put up with a lot of baloney about parrying just so, and doing a stroke or a jab just the right way, the way the manuals say it's got to be done. That's all a lot of form, as long as we are in camp here. When we get out of here and hit the real thing you'll know yourself what to do. And the principle of the bayonet is very simple: it's thrust, withdraw, thrust, and smash, smash, smash. Now, that's the principle of life, if you get what I mean. If you're gonna start figuring how to do it, and are you doing it the right way, and are you doing it in the right order, then you are a cooked goose. You don't figure about things like that. You just do! Your instincts will tell you what's right. And you don't play fair with a bayonet. That's out. When you close in with the enemy you deliver your thrust or you are . . ."

"Royally, eh Corp?" someone called from the bunch.

"There is a man who got the idea," the corporal approved.

A flutter of snickering rippled through the group.

"You don't play fair and you don't lone-wolf it. You attack in pairs, to make absolutely sure you don't get left."

"Something like a line-up?" the same voice interjected from the group.

"Right again," the corporal assented. "I see we got one man here who will live to come home again. And that's what I meant when I said at the beginning that this is going to be fun. Lots of guys are scared of cold steel. But this isn't a bayonet; this is life," he held up his bayonet reverently, "and you use it just as you do in life."

"Corp, you mean the bayonet course the other side of camp is something like a whore house?" a thin voice piped.

The corporal blew a cloud of smoke, stared intently at the group and asked sententiously: "Why a whore house? Why not a bridal chamber?"

"What? Twenty bridal chambers right next to each other?" came from several in the group.

Everybody laughed. "We'll fix that," the corporal reassured them. "We'll get the chaplain to say a prayer over the bayonet course. Will that make you feel better?"

"Just the same, I'd rather go to town than to the bayonet course next time I get a pass."

"We'll all go to town pretty soon, but not the town you have in mind. And when we get there I know you will act like the real men you are."

A uniformed man approached the group. The corporal ground his cigarette into the gravel and ordered the others to do the same. It was a messenger from camp headquarters and he handed the corporal a mimeographed note. It read: "To All Instructors: Effective this date, all troops doing bayonet drill or running the bayonet course will report to the base prophylactic station as soon as they have completed their assignment. No exceptions will be allowed. The men will be marched to the station in formation and at attention. Full military discipline will be maintained."

The corporal folded the note and put it in his pocket.

"Yeah, remember this," he summarized. "The principle is: Thrust, withdraw, thrust, and smash, smash, smash. Once you know this you know all that is worth knowing."

V. The Law

"And when you get the bayonet into his belly it'll be pretty hard to pull it out. But you got to get it out quick. There'll be lots of others to go after. So, step on the man and yank; pull with all your strength. What makes it so hard? Pressure, that's what does it. You wouldn't think so, you wouldn't think soft flesh can press so hard against a steel bayonet. But just you wait and see."

There'll be blue birds over / The white cliffs of Dover / Tomorrow just you wait and see.

"Pressure is what does it. It's a mechanical law—vacuum inside and atmospheric pressure outside. It's all a matter of mechanical laws."

The body is made out of cells, all of them unconscious, but every one of them performs a certain function. In people and other complicated animals the cells bunch together into organs. The cells are still unconscious but the organ as a whole performs a specialized function, like, let's say, a liver or a kidney or something like that. I read all about it. So there we are, people, complicated organisms, every part of us doing something special, just like in society, bakers and street-car conductors and automobile manufacturers and capitalists and workers and all that. The body functions all right because it is specialized and organized, while society, I mean our capitalist society, has no plan to it, all chaos and free enterprise and competition, everybody doing just as he likes and everybody competing with everybody else and the whole thing is a mess. What do you suppose would happen if a brain cell started to act like a kidney cell and excreted urine? Heh, heh, heh. There you got it, in a nutshell; that's our social system for you. No planning, see? There's no plan to capitalist society. In the body it's different, there's plan. The liver cell does one thing and the brain cell something else and so on down the line, and if any cell tries to act up on its own, why then the body gets sick and runs a temperature and gets rid of that cell, or if there are lots of them why then the body might die. And that's just what's happening to capitalist society. Unless there's going to be planning, socialist planning, society will rot away and die.

But, wait, Jacob had rebelled with all the strength of his sixteen years, you say, and I agree with you, that the cells are unconscious and the organs, though specialized, are also unconscious. They are made to perform one certain function and they do it without knowing why, without caring why, just a sort of perpetual motion machine producing urine or bile or saliva or something. Well, that sounds efficient all right, I don't deny that, but it's mechanical, it's dead, it's just so many wheels turning without knowing where or why or who started them turning.

So what?

No, you wait; I haven't finished yet. So you say let's have planning and organization and socialism so that every cell should belong to one big organ and every organ do its share to keep society operating. But the individual cell and the organ to which it belongs will remain unconscious. So what sense is there to it? All you are after with your planned society is a smooth working machine, no more.

Well, what's wrong with that? Would you rather have chaos like now? And unemployment, and competition, and capitalist wars?

You don't get me, Jacob pleaded for his life. Of course I am against unemployment and competition and wars and all that, but don't you see? One cell, like an amoeba, it's free. It can go this way and that way, any way it pleases. I know that an amoeba is unconscious. But what I mean is freedom, to be complicated organisms like you and me yet be free to do as we like, not just specialized cells in a planned society, always doing the same thing, doing it well, very well, but always the same, being a piece of liver instead of a man—of course, what I mean is a sort of social liver or spleen or something. And then one part of society will be the brain and will rule everybody else, but they won't know why they do it, because they have no choice in the matter, and another part will produce food and be like the stomach of humanity, and nothing else, and so on down the line.

Well, would you rather have the present inefficiency?

No, I didn't say that. But who wants to be just a cell in a social organism?

Well, what do you want to be?

I want to be a free human being, not just a cog in the planned society.

You are sentimental and, what's more, you don't know what you are talking about. I tell you it's been proved scientifically by everybody, Darwin and Marx and Lenin, and even the capitalists know it but they are just fighting for their privileges. They are not conscious of what they are doing, but they fight just the same. Like the appendix for instance. It's no use any more. It has outlived its usefulness. But it fights for its existence just the same. It's a law of nature to fight for existence. That's why the appendix gets infected and inflamed now and then and it is necessary to cut it out, otherwise the patient will die. It's the same with the present social system. It has outlived its usefulness but it fights to keep on living, that's why it causes wars and unemployment and crises and it has to be cut out and thrown away. It's a law of nature, a mechanical law.

Then they are just as right as we are.

What do you mean?

If it's all a matter of mechanical laws and there is no choice and no

freedom, then there is no right and no wrong. The appendix is just as right, morally speaking, as the heart or brain. All of them are just blindly responding to laws.

Morally, Jacob's companion jeered. Boy, you sure got some fuzzy reactionary ideas. What's morality got to do with it? I am telling you about the laws that govern society, the way the greatest minds have analyzed them, and you come back with talk about morality. I suppose you will say next that it is morally wrong for a hungry worker to steal a piece of bread, he sneered.

Jacob evaded the last sally. He said: Then what's the use?

What's the use of what?

What's the use of everything? What's the use of socialism? What difference does it make whether the workers rule the world or some other class? What difference does it make whether we have a big strong appendix and a weak brain or the other way around, as long as the organism continues to function? Elephants have tusks, monkeys have tails, we have better developed brains. Morally there is no difference between them, if, as you say, it's all merely a matter of mechanical laws. So why bother with organizing for socialism and the planned society?

You don't get my point at all. I can see that. What do you mean, Why bother? Wouldn't you rather have equality and no exploitation and no waste?

Sure I would. But I want this because I think it is better, it's more human, more fair, more just, not just for the sake of efficiency of production, as you said before.

All right, Jacob's companion conceded patronizingly. Have it your way. It doesn't matter how you justify your point of view as long as you reach the right conclusion. In time you'll get over a lot of your sentimental notions. What you need is more study of the fundamentals of social science.

They stood before the huge limestone City Hall. Jacob stared at it and felt grey inside. He visualized a red flag over the cupola on the roof. Socialism had come. Down with . . . ! But the flag hung limp, heavy with rain. Posters on the walls and in the windows proclaimed the triumph of the revolution. The sky was sullen and people hurried. Why didn't the flag wave? Why didn't bells peal in his blood as they had on previous occasions when he thought of the day of the liberation of man? He made an effort to recapture some of the jubilation he used to feel at youth group meetings, a taste of the surge of gladness which the vision of the future used to arouse, and he could not. He struggled to formulate his companion's convictions, and his own faith of such a short time ago, but all that came to his mind were words—efficiency, planned society, scientific organization; and he was frightened by their strange detachment from any meaning in his mind.

"Now there, you, Jake," the corporal jerked him out of his reverie, "it's your turn."

Startled, he leaped back into reality and approached the upright beam. A board had been nailed to it. The trick was to drive the bayonet between

the board and the beam with all one's strength and to pull it out again with a sudden jerk.

"On Guard!" the corporal cried and Jacob mechanically assumed the proper stance.

"Now imagine there is a Jap or a German before you, or think of someone you particularly hate, then let him have it with all you got."

Jacob tried to visualize an enemy but the foe remained an indistinct blur. The song about the cliffs of Dover swirled in his head and he felt terribly homesick. The faint image of the enemy melted away.

"Long Thrust!" the corporal's command slapped him on the face.

Blindly he jabbed in the direction of the beam. The point of the bayonet struck weakly at the edge of the board and broke off a sliver.

He felt the eyes of the others and hated himself. Now, if this were a real enemy I would do it properly, he thought. Anyway, I would shoot him, but I don't think I could bayonet him. Why not? What difference would it make how you kill him? He is the enemy. Yes, but . . . But what? . . . Weak nerves . . . No, it's not that . . .

There'll be love and laughter/And peace ever after/Tomorrow just you wait and see.

He mechanically resumed his On Guard stance. He felt on the verge of tears. "I don't want to stick the bayonet into the enemy." "Coward. What difference does it make? Morally it's all the same, like amoebas and liver cells and brain cells and kidney cells. It's all the same. Socialism, the enemy, efficiency, science, like cells."

Through the window the black-green forest was dense against the bright blue sky. A mild breeze was bruising itself against the sharp edges of the barrack.

Suddenly Jacob was far away. It was a hot summer afternoon. He was walking along an abandoned railway track that wound among tall weeds. He felt somnolent and warm and languid. There was a sustained musical note in the air.

"That's all now," the corporal announced. "Fall out in ten minutes in class A uniform. And you, Jake, better shape up. Snap out of it. That's a bayonet you got, not a lead pencil."

VI. The Difference

But there must be a difference, there must, Jacob's mind tugged at him relentlessly.

His company was on one of its seemingly interminable hikes. The men strung out in staggered formation along both sides of the road. It was nearing noon and they had already covered many miles. It was a hot day, but for some distance the road passed through dense woods and they were in the shade. The forest twilight was mournful and the cool dampness of decaying leaves soothed with a suggestion of peace.

"That's a bayonet you got, not a lead pencil," the corporal had told him the day before. Now the scabbard of the bayonet slapped rhythmically against his left thigh at each step. They had just finished their fourth ten-minute stop and Jacob did not feel tired. If his mind weren't impaled on

these meaningless debates with himself, he thought, it would be pleasant to walk like this without a destination and only distance to cover.

The enemy—that much is clear. The killing part is clear too. Then why . . . Why what? Why not jab and punch and rend? Of course, it is necessary. Could I be the enemy? No. Could the man next to me? Yes, why not? Assuming that I too could be the enemy, or like him, then what? Then nothing, then it's all a matter of roosters fighting. And if I jab the bayonet into him with all my might, don't I become like him? What am I supposed to do then? Kill myself because I have become like him? Or is there a difference still?

Heroism. Workers of the world unite! The flag over City Hall. Is that the difference, the mumbo-jumbo Amen before the charge, even if it is recited mechanically without knowing or caring what it means? When Congress opens they invite a man of God to recite a prayer. Bourgeois hypocrisy. Workers of the world unite. Socialist hypocrisy. But an army is like a football team. Yea, team! No prayers are said before a football game. No hypocrisy there. But what's the point? Just winning? Simply cells? Army Hqs Release #99: Today the liver counter-attacked along the entire front. The enemy suffered heavy casualties.

Well, what do you want? The sergeant should recite a prayer before leading you to the bayonet course?

Maybe that's what I really want.

Memory of an incident from his childhood days rose to Jacob's mind. His mother had bought a chicken for the Sabbath. She had been too busy herself, so she sent him to the *schochet* to have it killed. He remembered it vividly. It was a young black rooster with a silvery ruff around its neck. He didn't mind the trip to the *schochet* but in the street some children began ribbing him. "What you got there? A Thanksgiving turkey? This ain't Thanksgiving." Some of them wanted to handle the rooster. Others suggested untying the bird and having a race to see who could catch it. The rooster became excited, started cackling loudly and ended with a full-throated crow. Jacob extricated himself from his friends and brought the bird to the *schochet*. He had seen the man kill poultry before and it had never made a strong impression upon him. This time it was different and the minutest details now came back to his mind. He was the only customer and he had to ring the doorbell. As the *schochet* was getting ready, Jacob went around the house to the back yard where the slaughtering was done in a shed. The floor was covered with sand and an odor of blood hung in the air. The *schochet* finally came, a medium sized man with a flowing beard and a skull cap on his head. He slowly removed the slaughtering knife from its case, then he spread some ashes near the wall and took the rooster from Jacob's hands. He seized both wings in one hand and turned the bird upside down so that the belly faced upward and the legs were drawn in as in a cramp. He pulled the head back and seized the comb between the thumb and forefinger of the hand that held the wings. The rooster was quiet and did not kick. With the other hand the *schochet* plucked a few small feathers from the throat, then he took the knife, recited a prayer and smoothly passed the razor-sharp edge over the plucked area. The rooster

kicked convulsively. The *schochet* held the bird head down for a moment while the blood drained, then he threw it on the ground. The rooster lay quietly for a second then began flapping his wings violently. He leaped into the air despite his bound feet, fell back again, stretched his neck and legs in agony. This went on for a little while, then the eyelids slowly closed, the neck stretched convulsively for the last time in final denial, and the body lay lifeless and crumpled on the ground.

Is that what you want? Jacob now asked himself. A prayer? A benediction? Praise the Lord and pass the knife? Would that make it better than if the rooster had had his head chopped off without a benediction?

The rooster lay dead, the silvery ruff crumpled and stained with blood. It was a young bird, only a few months old. That spring a hen on some farm must have begun to feel strangely romantic, Jacob mused. Whenever the big rooster, a large black-and-silver bird, masculine with feathers on his feet, came near, she felt an irrepressible urge to squat and spread her wings lightly to balance herself under his weight. He invariably accepted the invitation, proudly, disdainfully, never even acknowledging the favor by calling her later when he found some grains near the manure pile. She was a maverick hen and found herself a secluded spot behind the barn where she laid her eggs. No one knew her secret. When she had nearly a dozen eggs she began to brood and then vanished for nearly three weeks after which she reappeared in the yard leading her flock, small and spherical and fluffy and black. But she would not take them into the hen house at night. She always took them to her nest. By now the farmer knew where the nest was and did not interfere with her. Then came a fateful night, and with it a weasel. The farmer heard the commotion behind the barn. In the morning the hen came leading but one chick. For some days she frantically dashed around seeking something, then she seemed to forget. The surviving chick already sprouted black feathers and there was a hint of silver about his neck. He thrived and grew and was everything a proper young rooster should be. Late in the summer he was bartered to a peddler, together with some other items, for some yard goods, and after changing hands once or twice more he ended in the possession of Jacob's mother. And what of the hen? Jacob thought. Was she supposed to cheer that her one remaining chick was done in properly, with a benediction before having his throat slit, not like the others that were rent apart by a weasel? And what of the *schochet*? Did he murder the bird any less because he had uttered a prayer over its submissive neck?

What an analogy, Jacob jeered at himself, what a hell of an analogy. And yet there is something to it. Of course there is the matter of the right cause, and causes have slogans and slogans are not so different from prayers. *Shema Yisroel!* Workers of the world! Blessed art Thou!

Then why was it said when the *schochet* died some years later that it was because he couldn't bear his trade? It pained him, they said, every time he had to kill a chicken. And whenever he had to slaughter a large animal, he would return home sick at heart. He had always thought of changing his trade, but somehow never got around to it, and in the end his heart gave under the strain. Not even his countless benedictions helped, apparently.

And yet, I suppose it makes a difference, Jacob concluded wearily and with not much conviction.

VII. The Sermon

"You guys don't seem to understand; you don't take it seriously; you think it's a game. This is war!" It was the Major addressing the battalion lined up on the parade ground.

"This is for keeps. I had a son. He was in Corregidor. Do you know what happened there?"

The battalion stood at attention. The Major concluded his speech, then said something in a low voice to his junior officers. There was saluting back and forth and he left. The companies were marched back to their areas.

Dinner call was sounded almost as soon as the men took off their equipment. The barrack at once became deserted, except for Jacob. During the retreat parade and the speech by the Major that followed the lowering of the colors, his mind had been in a strange and compulsive turmoil. Now, when all the others rushed to the mess hall, he stayed behind. He took out some sheets of paper, placed his trunk on his cot for a table, and began writing rapidly, crossing out words, rewriting them, and becoming unbearably excited.

"Sermon on the Parade Ground," he quickly jotted down the title; then, "My Friends," but he at once crossed out these words with a gesture of revulsion. Like a fireside chat, he thought. *Yes siree, Yes siree, Franklin Dee, Franklin Dee.* Then he tried "Dear Brothers" and was alike displeased with its pompousness.

He skipped half a page and plunged into the body of his sermon:

"Much we do not know and much is not given us to understand. But from the little that we do know we can, with an effort, come to understand much that is hidden. And I will now reveal to you something that has remained unknown to this day. You all know of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, how he was taken to Golgotha and was there nailed to the cross between two thieves. You also know how in his anguish he called out to God and complained that he had been forsaken.

"Now, dear friends," and Jacob at once crossed out the words "dear friends," irked by their false solemnity and simply wrote "fellows." "Now, fellows, is it not strange that Jesus, who came to save the world from sin and evil and wickedness, should show such weakness at the moment of his trial? Is it possible that the redeemer of the world was a coward, a simple ordinary coward who gets frightened when he is under fire or in pain and cries for his mother or runs away—misbehaves in front of the enemy, as the book of army regulations would say—or is overcome with self-pity and feels that he has been abandoned, that he got a tough break, that he should have had a furlough instead of being sent up front? Surely such a thing is unlikely. You and I, fellows, you and I might behave like that. But not the redeemer! Had he not proclaimed himself as such? Had he not announced that he would be sacrificed to save humanity? Then how explain this weakness in him when the final moment came?

"But, fellows, there is more to this story than appears on the surface. And I want to tell you about it.

"This is the way it happened and this is how it came to pass. For many years before Jesus was born, not just years but entire centuries, a great argument went on between Jesus and God. For, one day, soon after Adam sinned, God called Jesus and said to him: 'You will have to go down to earth and suffer martyrdom to atone for the sin of man.' And Jesus said: 'I cannot do this. It is too much for me. Furthermore, why should I be offered up as atonement? Would it not be more just that the guilty should suffer for their sins? I have done no wrong, and this burden which You wish to place on my shoulders is too heavy for me and it is an undeserved punishment.' But God, though He listened patiently and with compassion, insisted: 'It has been decided and it must be so. I have decided and I cannot change my decision.' 'Are You not all-powerful?' Jesus said. 'Then why can't You change Your own decision?' 'I am indeed all-powerful, my son,' God answered him, 'and this is precisely the reason why, once I give my word, I may not reverse it. For if such revisions of my judgment were possible, then my decisions would not be eternal.' When Jesus heard this he wept and begged: 'Father, why do You do this to your only son? Why must I suffer the unbearable for the sake of the sins of men? Is it that You love mankind more than You love me? Surely You must love them more, else You would not visit the punishment due to them upon me.'

"When God heard these words, fiery tears rolled down His face and He cried out: 'Say no more. But it must be thus and cannot be any other way. Speak to me no more of this. I have decreed, and it must come to pass.'

"'When must I suffer this martyrdom?' Jesus asked. 'Will it be soon? Can it not be delayed? Perhaps forever?'

"And God said: 'The day of your crucifixion has not yet been set.'

"'Then do not set the day,' Jesus implored. 'You are the Lord of infinity. Let all time pass without setting the day. Whenever You think of Your decision to crucify me for the evil of mankind, postpone it.'

"Thus the argument went on for centuries, and each time God wept with remorse at His irrevocable decision to crucify his own only son, and postponed the fatal day for a while longer. But after some three thousand years passed in such arguments, God called Jesus and said: 'My son, wouldn't you rather have the crucifixion over with and reign in glory forever after, instead of having this doom hang over you?' And Jesus knew that the time had come and that his fate could no longer be put off. He wept before the throne of glory and said: 'If the time has come and can indeed not be postponed any longer, then I will do as You order me. But I would have You know that were it up to me I would rather have this fate hang over me forever than face my ordeal, for the few minutes on the cross will be worse than eternal suspense. And furthermore, since it is Your will, it must be done, but I still do not see the reason for sacrificing me to atone for the sins of men; and, who knows, after I am crucified, the bitterness of my suffering may cloud forever the enjoyment of my reign in heaven.'

"'Is there then no love for mankind in your heart?' God asked softly.

"But instead of answering this question Jesus retorted with another: 'Have You then no love for me, that You make me suffer this great anguish for something which I did not do?'

"And God could find no answer to it.

"'Now, then,' Jesus said, 'I will go down to earth and I will be as brave about it as I can, and I will tell people what You want me to tell them. But in my heart I will not know why I was chosen nor why redemption must come by way of the cross, why grace cannot descend on mankind like a gentle breeze but must be steeped in blood.'

"And thus it happened, fellows, that Jesus was born on earth in Bethlehem that is in Judea, and he knew what he had to do, and he was full of love and wanted to redeem mankind, but he did not understand why it had to be done through the cross. That is why, when he lived on earth, there were times when he was gentle and kind and all-forgiving; and there were other times, when he thought of the agony awaiting him, that he became angry, and it was at such moments that he wielded the whip on the money-changers in the Temple, or declared that he had come to bring not peace but the sword. For he was bitter at heart. But do not think, fellows, do not think for one moment that he did not believe in his mission, or that he did not love mankind enough to want to save them. He most certainly did. But since he was the Son of Man, he knew the meaning of agony and he experienced the foretaste of the suffering in store for him every minute that he was on earth.

"I know," Jacob continued feverishly, "that, like me, many of you must have wondered why Jesus was so weak in his last moments. I know that many of you must have asked the same question that I asked many times: Why, when on the cross, didn't Jesus say to his followers, 'At them, men! Strike them hard! Mow them down! Show them the true light that they should know and believe.' Why didn't he give some sign of his real nature? And couldn't he scorn a few nails in his hands and feet? Surely you don't think it was because he couldn't take it? Surely you don't believe he was cowed by the pain some Roman buck privates and a corporal could inflict?

"But in this there is a great mystery and a great light and a great despair. For when Jesus was hoisted on the cross between two thieves, doubt entered his mind. 'If these two thieves,' he said to himself, 'are also being crucified and are undergoing the same torments as I am, then wherewith am I atoning for the sins of man?' At that moment he foresaw that mankind would persevere in crucifying itself and in crucifying one another to the end of time despite his Passion, and seeing that this was to be so, he rightly concluded that mankind's guilt would not be expiated by his suffering. This is the mystery, that he knew he was a man, and suffering like a man, and thus incapable of warding off suffering from the thieves at his side or from anyone throughout the generations. And he saw by a great light that all men at all times would have to endure the same, each in his generation and according to the customs and manners of the age. It was then he realized that he had been abandoned and he cried out: 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?' for the despair that entered him was infinite.

"Now, fellows, you understand what really happened almost two thousand years ago, and having this knowledge, when you next go on the bayonet course, you will . . ."

At this point Jacob's hands shook so violently that he could no longer write legibly. He made a few wild strokes on the paper and put down his

pencil. He shook all over with the knowledge of great despair and fear.

In this condition he was found by the men returning from the mess hall. They crowded around him and their remarks wandered between cynicism and compassion.

"What's the matter with our Jake?"

"Look at him shake!"

"Snap out of it, fella; what's the matter with you?"

"Section Eight-h-h-ht," someone roared to the wide world.

"Sure looks like our Jake is getting out."

"Faking I bet."

"Oh yeah? You try and shake like that."

"What's he mumbling?"

"Can't make it out. Better get the medic."

Mess kit rattling, the medic briefly looked at Jacob. "Better take him to the hospital. Give me a hand, somebody."

"Hey, medic, what is it?"

"Looks like *it* all right."

"Section eight?"

"You said it."

"What's that on the papers? Let's see what he wrote."

"Lay off. Who told you you can read? The papers go to the hospital too."

Jacob rose submissively. He let them lead him by the arms. His mood was one of prayerful desperation. After the sermon he felt he had to pray. But only the words "In Your terrific righteousness" circled in his head. He wanted to bow to the ground, to beat his forehead against the gravel and to repeat these words as the ultimate appeal, but instead he obeyed the gentle pressure of his two guides.

It was only much later, after weeks of concentrated mental effort in the hospital, that he formulated his prayer.

VIII. Jacob's Prayer

In Your terrific righteousness, protect me,

From the raging bull in the unfenced pasture;

From the vicious dog not on a leash;

From the bully on the corner when no one is around,

From the bully on the corner when many are around;

From the man in the street whose intentions are unknown;

From the cat bent on murder;

Please, God,

Just this one time more.

If You do it this time,

I'll promise anything,

Not as at other times.

I believe in You;

This time I really do.

From the runaway horse;
 From the spider in the corner;
 From the beam that is leaning to
 fall;
 From the stone that is loose to
 drop;
 From things I don't see but know
 that they are,
 From things I do see but know they
 are not;
 From the evil that may break out
 any time
 To find me without defense or
 alibi;
 From effective wrath and from im-
 potent rage;
 From the rim of the whirlpool,
 From the bottom of the sea;
 From the terror that is crouching,
 And the horror that has leaped.
 For my weakness arouses them,
 The smell of my fear increases
 their rage,
 The odor of my blood enhances
 their lust,
 The aroma of my dread lends
 spring to their leap,
 My meekness increases their anger,
 My mildness sharpens their claws,
 My compassion causes them to
 drool;
 My strength challenges them,
 My aloneness invites.

The other times I am sorry
 about,
 And I will never retract again,
 I will never renege again,
 I will never again stray.
 I know I don't deserve it.
 I don't even pretend that I do.
 But You should be generous.
 You can never forget,
 But can't You ever forgive?
 I know You can't,
 But please try, anyway,
 Or what am I to do?
 Try for the sake of . . .
 Abraham? No?
 Isaac? No?
 Jacob? No?
 The unknown soldier? No?
 A child that is lost in a
 crowd?
 A calf abandoned by its
 mother?
 A bird that fell out of its nest?
 Then do it for the sake of any-
 thing You choose!
 My God! What if He doesn't?

* * *

Jacob sat on his hospital cot mumbling quietly. Two attendants entered
 and walked down the length of the ward. They stopped before Jacob.

1st Attendant: This is a quiet one.

2nd Attendant: Yeah. Listen, he is mumbling something.

1st Attendant: What's he saying?

2nd Attendant: Can't make any sense out of it. Sounds like some prayer.

1st Attendant: He's nuts all right. Most of them are.

2nd Attendant: Most?

1st Attendant: Yeah, some are wise guys, just goldbricking.

2nd Attendant: What about the others, I mean the real ones, what makes them like this?

1st Attendant: Makes them? Nothing makes them. They just are that way, square pegs, misfits.

2nd Attendant: Misfits?

1st Attendant: Yeah, they don't belong.

2nd Attendant: Yeah, I guess that's it. They don't belong.



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The Art of Marc Chagall

By SILVIA TENNENBAUM

JEWISH art has meant to many Jews the etchings and colored prints that hung, singly and in pairs, on the walls of their parents' homes. Brought up under the sad gaze of bearded rabbis or the faded flickering yellow of lighted Sabbath candles, they are moved whenever they spot another grey print of earlocked men in earnest discussion. "Ah!" they say, and no doubt they are right, "There was piety, there was *Yiddishkeit*!" But confusing sentiment with esthetics, they also say, "Here is Art!" The present generation, fresh from college, is perhaps a bit more sophisticated. Having struggled through courses in Art Appreciation we have learned to differentiate between Giotto and Piero della Francesca; we have, as a matter of fact, learned that they existed at all. We are for the most part third-generation Americans and our ties to the Old World grow ever more tenuous. And yet feeling that we must somehow reconcile our Jewishness and our modernity, some of us choose Chagall's "The Rabbi of Vitebsk" for the honored place above the television set. This entails a certain genuine understanding on our part, but it is hardly an understanding derived from any critical evaluation; and we are always in danger of mistaking the symbols used in a work of art for the total meaning of the work itself. We conclude that a menorah prominently displayed in a picture makes it Jewish, that a cross makes it Christian and that a

still life transcends (or simply evades) space, time and deity. The failure of this oversimplification lies with us, for we evaluate our Jewishness as superficially as we evaluate our esthetic responses. A generation that often identifies its Jewish awareness with its love for *kneidlach* may well equate any bearded rabbi—how much better, then, the bearded rabbi of a touted modern painter—with the piety of its ancestors.

The quest of the modern Jew for an art "tradition" of his own is touching, for he has little, if anything, to fall back on. It has been his blessing, and his curse, that his current worldliness can still reflect the spiritual limitations of the ghetto. Certain proscriptions, certain laws, are easily discarded; to others he clings tenaciously. His attitude toward the visual arts remains pathetically naive.

It is not strange, therefore, that modern art, in its digression from the human figure as norm, has been so deeply appreciated among Jews; it has struck a chord in us: we may possess the vision without exacerbating our inner prejudices, without having to be concerned about the relation of content to form in painting. Chagall provides the timid ones among us with an even simpler solution. The simplification however, as I have said before, is our fault, not his, for as we shall see, Chagall has no more painted a Christian picture when he depicts Christ on the cross than he has necessarily paint-

ed a Jewish one when he depicts an aged rabbi.

CHAGALL is a painter, that is, he is of the tradition of men who, from Giotto to Picasso, have had a personal vision, who have seen a little piece of their world uniquely and have been able to give expression to this vision in pictures. Much as we should discuss and explain the relation of his work to the East European ghetto tradition to which he is heir, we must emphasize that, simply in being a painter, Chagall has broken into a world totally outside the ghetto walls and become one with those whose manner of expression is essentially alien to past Jewish cultures. There are stylistic elements in Chagall's work far too complex to allow us to classify him simply as a twentieth century exponent of the *peyes* and *yarmulke* school of painting. Above all, Chagall the painter has a personal vision that extends beyond the obvious symbols in his works.

Chagall does not turn his eyes completely to the world. He must find equivalences for things not in the common visual vocabulary. He looks with his mind's eye at a world he can never wholly encompass, in which he can never find a certainty. But the canvas must be filled, the void of silence crossed. René Schwob has described the special compulsion of Chagall as "that fear of never being fulfilled"—and in this he is perhaps most typically a Jew, a true descendant of the rabbis. He does not walk through life with open eyes; he is rather like the countless figures in his paintings who have one eye closed, turned inward it would seem, and only one open. With this one eye they see but do not really look, and what they see is an unlimited inner world mirroring fragments of the external scene.

The world of Marc Chagall, the world of his art, has roots in the East European ghetto, but these roots are not of the stuff of religion alone. This above all

frees Chagall from the bonds of being a "religious painter" *per se*. The imagery he employs is of the folk, and as potent a force as was religion to the Jew of the ghetto, its possession by the people rather than by an elite hierarchy quite naturally transformed religion into a kind of cathedral of folkways. Most of his critics have recognized the fact that Chagall is not a religious artist, but they flounder at finding another label.

The closest analogy in Western art to Chagall's "world" is, in one sense, the medieval artist's cathedral: here too man brought forth a striking edifice each part of which was suffused by the God-intoxicated spirit of the people, even where its depictions were of apparently non-religious subjects. It is ridiculous, however, to speak of the religious "spirit" without some reference to a particular religious symbolism. We should not ascribe religiosity to a man who does not in some externalized way have recourse to the potent imagery of his particular faith. These days it is fashionable to call anyone "religious" who shows devotion to an ideal. In this way, such things as Communism or even simple philanthropy come to be legitimized as religious sentiment, particularly in America. Such an attitude was not possible to an East European Jew. "That which we call religion," says Maurice Samuel in his penetrating book, *The World of Sholom Aleichem*, "and for which the Kasrielevkites had no name because for them it was simply equated with being human, distinguishes the world of Sholom Aleichem from every other world that has ever been reproduced by a regional writer."

Chagall the Jew has become some kind of myth, for Gentiles as well as Jews. Gentiles seek, and find, in him the Wandering Jew, the Melancholy of the Ages, Sadness and Exoticism, Pain and Despair, without understanding the true nature of Chagall's world. Perhaps no one lends himself, in the eyes of the sympathetic

outsider, to such flights of mysticism as the Despised and Rejected Jew. For the intellectual with a sense of alienation from the dominant culture the Jew becomes an object of identification. We see this particularly in the twentieth century where the breach between the life of reality and that of art is really marked. As the dreamer once identified himself with the gods of ancient Greece, so now the Bohemian sees himself wandering with the Jew—buffeted through eternity by the forces of a mechanical world.

MARC Chagall was born in Vitebsk, Russia, on July 7, 1889. "That which first leapt before my eyes was an angel," he has said of this event. We are reminded of the Jewish legend that tells us that after God has placed the soul of a recently conceived child into the sperm cell an angel takes it about for one day, showing it Heaven and Hell and all the earth, then carries it back into the mother's womb and watches over it. When the time comes for the child to be born, it is so reluctant to leave its place of comfort that the angel must push it forth into the troubled world. Here is a typical example of the merging of myth and memory that we may observe throughout Chagall's work and that gives his paintings their distinctly Jewish ethos—more, I think, than their obvious symbolism does.

The "troubled world" into which the angel pushed Chagall was the one in which millions of East European Jews lived their circumscribed lives. Vitebsk itself was a city of some 60,000 people, half of them inhabitants of the ghetto. The painter's immediate family was typical of the folk that lived in Sholom Aleichem's Kasrievke, and their occupations mirrored those of the Kasrievkites. Papa Chagall worked in a herring depot, his father was a *melamed* and his father-in-law a *shochet*.

Chagall apparently expressed a desire

to paint early in his youth. His family quite naturally opposed him. Not, of course, on the grounds set forth by many a bourgeois parent of the Western artist, but on the basis of the Biblical injunction not to make a graven image "of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." If the Biblical thunder was not enough negation, there was the further, and perhaps more frightening, example of *goyish* art to serve as warning to the aspiring painter. Since almost all of the art produced in the Russian provinces was of a religious nature, "painting" and "Christian Art" became identified in the minds of the Jews. Nevertheless Chagall at last convinced his parents that painting was his only interest and was enrolled in Vitebsk's only art school. His stay there was of short duration, but it helped to strengthen the boy's interest, and soon after, with his father's consent, he set out for St. Petersburg. There he enrolled in the School for the Protection of Fine Arts and, later, in the World of Art group, of which Bakst, the well-known stage designer, was a member. Neither the reactionary outlook of the former, nor the emasculated style of the latter suited Chagall, however, and he returned to Vitebsk. Here he continued to work, and the pictures dating from this period are somber indeed and concerned mainly with the life about him. But by now the wish to go to Paris was very much with him. After another short stay in St. Petersburg he finally reached the French capital in 1910.

To the young Chagall, Paris must have seemed a truly magic city. And it would have been inconceivable that his art should have developed the way it did, had he not gone there. The earliest pictures are darkly realistic scenes of ghetto life, dark both in spirit and coloring, and concern themselves largely with the most elementary and hallowed aspects of a Jew's existence: birth, marriage,

death. The figures are encased in thick layers of clothing as if shielding themselves from perpetual cold—or violation. They huddle together and remain earth-bound. A change from this style is evident almost immediately, once Chagall began to breathe the Paris air. The subject matter, as far as it deals with scenes from his youth, remains essentially the same, although it admits of greater variety and scope. Yet it also becomes transferred to another plane. The effect of cubism can be traced in many canvases, but something more than this was working in the transformation.

We must in some measure differentiate between the world of the paintings, controlled by the demands of the newly learned craft and the processes of memory, and the world of the Jews and the ghetto houses which Chagall left. The past world persists in him, he is possessed by it, because he can not really possess it. The reality of people and objects surrounding an artist is of a different nature from the "reality" of the things he remembers, and it is this movement from the actual presence of his subject to the memory of it that begins to effect the transformation in Chagall's work. As he moves farther and farther from his ghetto youth, his attachment to its symbols becomes more and more dreamlike, so that, in his very latest pictures and ceramics, the images seem to represent but memories of memories.

The later works, too, show a growing sparsity of objects, almost as if each symbol—be it clock or fish or chicken—had accumulated such a wealth of connotation as to suffice for a single canvas. At the same time, the representations have become more disembodied and less specific. As the years keep lengthening the gap between the artist and the things of his art, their contours soften and they approximate ever more closely an ideal image—ideal, that is, not in perfection but in being assimilated to the pictorial. In utiliz-

ing his remembrances as he does, Chagall differs from every other modern painter. We are able to find antecedents for almost all painters, be it Catalonian frescoes for Miro or the Antique for Michelangelo, but for Chagall these props are difficult to come by, since he has no inherent pictorial tradition upon which to rely. It may be that the word was primary in his youth, that all he and his people saw was verbalized and not pictorialized, and that his first pleasure in a work of "art" was from a book, not a painting. His titles even suggest this literary approach ("Bride and Groom of the Eiffel Tower," "Time is a River Without Banks," "To Russia, Asses and Others"); they are, very frequently, not simply descriptive, they fasten onto a small detail about which a whole allegory is woven.

At a time when Chagall was still close to the experiences of his youth, he was able to bring to his art a peculiar combination of lyric tenderness and brute tangibility. Those who think only with nostalgia about life in the East European ghetto often forget that the piety and learning of those bygone days was enmeshed in terrifying superstitions and great physical squalor. These two things coexisting as they did lent a peculiar and complex quality to both the piety and the superstition—and through them to the whole culture—but the complexity was one utterly alien to the refinements of the Western *Weltanschauung*. The culture was the antithesis of any classic tradition in the Greek sense, and this may help to explain why Chagall never fully participated in the perfected, classic cubism of Braque and Picasso. It is necessary only to compare the calligraphy of an old Hebrew manuscript with that of a late Greek or Roman one to be aware of a deep-rooted difference. The picturesque aspects of the Hebrew alphabet did not escape Chagall; he frequently makes use of the letters much as he would the intricate design on a piece of cloth. Of

course, there is here too an influence from cubism and the then popular collage. Yet the very use of Hebrew (or Russian) lettering gives Chagall's work a different meaning. The bits of newspaper print, or segments of words, used by Braque and Picasso, achieve two effects on the contemporary viewer, decorative and literary. We must shift from an act of looking to an act of reading—the painters did not use unconnected letters but actual words, or legible parts of words. Chagall's use of Hebrew characters, since most of his viewers cannot read what is written, achieves primarily a decorative effect. Still, he selects his "words" effectively, as, for example, in his painting "Portrait of the Artist With Seven Fingers," where the words "Russia" and "Paris" appear, written in Hebrew letters. He thus echoes his past on two counts: in the names and in their writing.

So it is with his colors. The blues, reds, greens, yellows and purples that Chagall uses can easily be translated into the visions of his childhood. The somber winter evenings of snow and silence are studies in white and black, as are the men in *shul* wrapped in their *taleisim*. The cold, death-like brilliance of the December moon that lights these nights is of a different quality from the light of the flickering candles in their brass holders; both kinds of light are repeated again and again in his work. His yellows sometimes glitter like precious gold and are sometimes like the tarnished brass of old candelabra. His blues and deep reds recall the *paroches* before the Ark—the coverings of hallowed objects with velvet cloth of deep-soft tones.

CHAGALL lived in the midst of the artistic *avant garde* of Paris, but he remained in some deep sense outside the soon-to-be-conventionalized currents. He never exerted any great influence in the so-called School of Paris although the German expressionists were strongly drawn to his work. In 1914 Chagall was given

his first one-man show, in Berlin. For the opening of the exhibition Chagall travelled to the German capital and afterwards, for a brief journey into the past, to Vitebsk, but scarcely had he crossed the Russian border when it was closed. He was not to see Paris again for eight eventful years. In Vitebsk he married and continued painting. He had brought to his home the "new look" acquired in Paris, and his paintings during this period are forceful and objective. The difference between memory and fact is here clearly visible.

In 1917 the Revolution swept across Russia, and in the subsequent turbulent rebirth Chagall was made the Minister of Art in Vitebsk. This *shidach*, although admittedly not a very happy one, set the stage for a series of important achievements. Today it is well known that the official (indeed what other is there?) art of Russia has become highly reactionary, but in the early days of the Revolution the young painters, writers and musicians were riding on a great wave of freedom. Liberals and artists alike believed that the new government would liberate not only the proletariat, but the intelligentsia as well. For a while, albeit a short while, this dream came true, and Russia experienced a renaissance of the arts that was as powerful as it was short-lived. The theater especially was thus transported to new heights, and the reverberations brought the Moscow State Jewish Theatre into being. Chagall did several murals and stage designs for this theater—one of the sets being for a dramatization of three of Sholom Aleichem's stories, and they remain a happy monument to his art. The murals exude a wonderful joy and it seems very fitting that a wedding theme runs through the lot of them. There is a long frieze depicting a festive wedding table, and another mural showing a joyous march of people that reminds us very much of Chagall's "Wedding," painted in 1910. It is actually an allegory of

his introduction to the theater, an event which may be easily conceived as a very special "*chassene*." There are, furthermore, four separate panels representing the Jewish folk equivalents of the four theater arts: Poetry, Music, Acting and Dance. Painting is notably absent. Interestingly enough, poetry is symbolized by a copyist of the Torah, music by a street fiddler, acting by the antics of a *badchan*, and the dance by an ecstatic bride. The art culture of the East European Jews had come to a final flowering, had been, perhaps for the first and last time, expressed in a mode totally befitting it. All subsequent artistic expression has been in the nature of a reminiscence that could, and usually does, lead to easy sentimentalization. What greater poetry than Torah? we ask. What more poignant music than that of the fiddle? What greater fun than the Purim *shpiel*? The very questions show at once our connection and our distance from the things they refer to.

However pleasant Chagall's association with the Yiddish theater may have been, the West still had first claim on his heart and so in 1922 he set out for Berlin. He had become famous there during his absence; the expressionism of his work sat well with the German spirit of the time. It was not far from Berlin to Paris, and Chagall soon returned to his beloved city. So commences the final unfolding of his work. Many years were still between him and the final brutal destruction of the life of his past, but he was not to return to it except in his art.

SOME further stylistic influences may be traced through the latter part of Chagall's career, but the dominant ones had been established by the beginning of the 1930's. Chagall traveled extensively in the years between 1931 and 1937, yet the impact of these voyages was overshadowed by the tragedy that struck world Jewry with the advent of Hitler. The events of those terrible years left a

deep imprint on Chagall's work; he returned with a new insight to Jewish themes, and painted, between 1938 and 1943, a series of "Crucifixions" that were his particular kind of outcry against the heinous crime perpetrated against the Jewish people. The identification of Christ crucified and the murdered Jews could be all the stronger for the fact that this new persecution, unlike those of the past, was not committed in the name of Christianity. The figure of Christ is usually clearly defined as a Jew (we must separate the 1912 "Calvary" hanging in the Museum of Modern Art in New York from this group, in time as well as stylistically and for its content); in one picture he even wears *t'fillin*.

Christ is not only the newly suffering Jew; he becomes the symbol of all past pogroms. In every picture Chagall paints, the crucified form is surrounded not by the traditional figures of Mary, Mary Magdalene, and St. John, but by chaotic crowds of people. Once you begin to alter the iconography of a work so radically, you have created a totally new work, a totally new meaning. Amidst the violence of the surrounding figures Chagall's Christ is serene. A second look assures us that the scurrying people are Jews, running to and fro in front of their burning houses. As it happened, Pesach was the time when hysterical tales of ritual murder drove the ignorant masses (and their well-informed leaders) to plunder. Symbolically, the village houses in Chagall's paintings stand with their doors left open, and tragically, the world is aflame.

In the "White Crucifixion" (1938) the lamenting Jews above Christ cry aloud and one turns from the crucified figure to save a Torah, while Christ, wrapped in a *talit*, his head covered, looks to the lighted candles below him. A drawing in pen and brush, made in 1941, again repeats the motif, this time in stark black and white. Here the whole area is covered with fleeing, tumultuous figures, many of

whom echo in their gestures the crucified man and one even probes his wound almost as a Doubting Thomas would. Is he probing the reality of Christ, the reality of his pain? But look again, the figure is serene—is it not the others who suffer and are torn from life? We are reminded of the lines from Peretz:

In its own bloodsmoke

The world's heart

Trembles and shudders.

THE language of Chagall's culture was Yiddish, and his paintings are enriched with expressions from that tongue. All language is necessarily expressive of the mode of life of its people, but Yiddish peculiarly so. This is something that does not, however, emerge from isolated words; their context is what gives them full meaning. It is by the construction of images, by their literary allusions and inclusions that we are able to understand the world created and reproduced by the language. Maurice Samuel speaks of Yiddish as a language of "refuge, domesticity, and affection . . . it is also a knowing language, full of hints, allusions and interjections which take their meaning from tone and context." But on the other hand, "unlike other folk languages it has not a base in nature." These considerations are very important in an analysis of Chagall. He has his roots in Yiddish culture and language and that is how we must understand him. Chagall's inheritance is a breath that kisses every picture. It is indeed difficult to re-experience our childhood in a language foreign to it, and, as we note a figure hovering above the roofs of Chagall's little town, it brings to mind the expression, "*gey'n über die haiser*." And as we see the bodies borne aloft, we can only think of "*luftmensch*." The fantasies of the ghetto's children are spread through Chagall's paintings: "*A kuh is gefloygen ibern dach un hot geleygt an ei*"—a cow flew over the roof and laid an egg.

There are a hundred more such images, and the language is vibrant because of them. Maurice Samuel reminds us that despite this wealth, Yiddish is a language circumscribed by the world that nurtured it. There are, for example, no names for exotic flowers: a "*blume*" is a *blume* is a blume! It is the same with birds, and the range of animals we encounter is limited to the cow and the dog, the cat, the goat and the horse, the pig, and of course, the chicken. Except for those animals that are mentioned in the Bible and Talmud, the Jews named only those visible in the crowded *shtet'l*. These, too, Chagall remembers. The various paintings are filled with the living helter-skelter of the ghetto and the idiomatic expressions of a folk at work, at study and at play. The gaiety and sadness under and about the *chupah* are shown, and throughout the years the tender, shy lovers especially, appear again and again.

The theme of the lovers winds through many a modern painter's work, yet the dual harmony of Chagall's couples is absent from the paintings of the others. Dissonances have been substituted for harmonies and the relation of man and woman has become problematic and tense. Chagall holds fast to a poetic, ideal love and often surrounds his lovers with flowers. To call these touching images "charming" is to miss the depth of their love and the depth of the language that whispers to its children in tones sweeter than almost any other.

Amidst the cows and chickens, beside the flowers and the lovers, runs another remembrance; not of objects, but of fables and myths. In "The Feast Days" of 1914, the bearded figure carrying the *lulav* and *esrog* is accompanied by a smaller figure, perched on his head. What else is this but a beautiful actualization of the "*neshome y'seyro*"? This other, this special soul, wanders through all of Chagall's work. There is another representation of a myth in the paintings, though

certainly not so explicit as the one we have just discussed. In the well-known picture "Time is a River Without Banks" the primacy of the river might well lead us to call it the Sambatyon, the mythical river that flows, as the legend goes, six days of the week but rests on the seventh. In several of the crucifixion pictures the river is also given an important place; it certainly has a high rank in the scheme of Chagall's iconography. We are reminded of another part of the legend that cites the further side of the Sambatyon as the dwelling place of the ten lost tribes. This place beyond the river is a sort of paradise, a place of safety. On this timeless island there is peace, and here the lovers meet, here the persecuted have fled.

These details—only a part of what we have called the painter's iconography—are the substance of Chagall's *Yiddishkeit*. They, and not the usual handy symbols of things Jewish, render his work unique and meaningful to us as Jews. The still waters of an ethos always run deep; it is through the genius of individuals that they are brought to show their beauties. In its way, the life of the *shtet'l* presented a unique phenomenon that has been given expression in different ways—not the least of which was Chagall's. In this instance, it took the impact of Western culture to bring the seed to flower.

ONE segment of Chagall's art that is no doubt close to his heart, although much of it has never been published, is the great body of his graphic work. Some artists never do make illustrators, they are either incapable of coordinating their virtuosity with the text, or else they cannot give an added insight to what has been written. Not so with Chagall. To each of four very different books he has given pictorial expression: Gogol's *Dead Souls*, La Fontaine's *Fables*, the Bible, and *Mein Leben*, his autobiography. The differences among all these works are great, and Chagall has pro-

duced four series of etchings that enhance, each one, the uniqueness of the particular work it illustrates. Only the thinnest thread of stylistic similarity binds these works together, and we could ask no greater proof than this of Chagall's ability to give pictorial meaning to a story.

Mein Leben, the first of the works illustrated by the painter, is plainly anecdotal in its pictures as it is in its text. *Dead Souls*, however, inspired masterpieces of incisiveness from the artist's hand; the characters stand out with a vividness and a clarity that is unequalled in any of his other works. In the paintings, perhaps because of the aforementioned "remembered" quality, the human figures are not portrayed so that their idiosyncratic characters emerge. He does not try to chart the depths of personality or to give expression to the faces he paints. He does so in his etchings for *Dead Souls* alone. The faces come alive with all the crassness and pathos of Gogol's humanity. *The Fables*, under Chagall's needle, attain a peculiar charm, and appear to take place in a never-never land, the background forming its dreamlike setting.

As against these works, excellent though they are, the illustrations for the Bible achieve an almost Rembrandt-like grandeur. With the great Dutch master, Chagall here shares a profoundly human approach to the text. The images appear timeless, unfettered by a particular mode. There is a kind of wisdom in these representations, and a fine understanding of the possibilities offered in the text for expressing human truths. Chagall manages to bring to light the meaning of the words much as did the Sages. In the etching "Abraham Mourns Sarah" we see the grief-stricken patriarch bent over the still figure of his wife. He covers his face with his hands, and in this gesture is summed up a whole world of grief. The Biblical description is bare, and, characteristically, open to thoughtful probing: "And

Sarah died . . . and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her." This sparsity contributes to the great power of the narrative; a depth and breadth is achieved in the etching simply by leaving great vistas behind the figures untouched in silence.

In another of the Bible etchings, "Abraham Approaching Sodom with Three Angels," the sense of timelessness is wonderfully related. The figures hover on what appears to be a great cliff, and two of the angels guide the aged Abraham, on whose face, in whose attitude with clasped hands, we see the pity he must have felt over the impending destruction of the cities. The foremost angel, his face bland and other-worldly, points to the city below them, and as we follow his gesture it is perhaps for the first time that we notice the city at all. It appears almost as a little mound of dirt against the overwhelming expanse of sky and the dark ground from which the figures emerge. The particular is everywhere subordinated to the general; there are no frills to distract us from perceiving the greater simplicity of the design.

Every age brings to the classics a different *Weltanschauung*—and finds among its men some few who are able to give voice to unique interpretations of the world's great literature. Chagall's vision of the Old Testament is such a one. It strikes almost the perfect note for a Jewish reader, being neither hierarchic in the Byzantine sense, nor idealized in the classic Catholic way, nor "realistic" in the later Protestant manner of Rembrandt. The figures are most emphatically those of Jews, not the heroic Jews of Rembrandt, but the humble workaday Jews of the *shtet'l*, who could yet feel that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were compatriots—and it is as such that we recognize them in the etchings. Even the angels that descend the ladder in "Jacob's Dream" are rather like pale beardless *yeshiva bochurim*, while David (in the etching "David

With the Head of Goliath") is a slight, gentle youth who holds, almost with revulsion, a head that could easily be that of a brutalized Russian peasant! Chagall has so played down the gory aspect of the scene, we feel at once that in the totality of the story of David, God's beloved, the death of Goliath has a lesser importance. We have here not the Biblical reality, but the reality of the ghetto Jews, which is a far more subtle thing.

What makes these prints so different from the rest of Chagall's work is their directness. Nothing interposed between the etcher and his copper plate; the figures do not greet us as if from a dream, and what is totally absent is that sometimes nagging repetition of images that occurs in the painter's later works, even in his most recent ceramics. In a very deep sense these prints are "pure"; they reflect Chagall's finest perceptiveness.

At present Chagall lives in the south of France, in the little town of Vence. Here he has been visited by *Life* and made the subject of an illustrated article. We Jews reacted like a proud *bobbe* to the success of one of our "co-religionists"—and not for Modern Art, really, or for any other farfetched esoteric thing, but for his *Yiddishkeit*! "A good boy" says the *bobbe*, and we, duty-bound to contradict what might be considered a vulgarity, say "No, Ma, a genius," but secretly we are proud, too—and in just the same way. We discard the dimensions that exist behind the painter, discard the parables, to revel in the immediately available pleasures. The "Rabbi of Vitebsk" is dusted off and we return to thumb the pages of *Marjorie Morningstar*, oblivious of any contradiction here. It is precisely the smug and sterile world of the "Jewish best-seller" that is negated in the work of the artist: the world of Marc Chagall cannot be conjured up with pious abracadabra—it has returned to the ages and may live again only in the poetic insight of the true artist.

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Poujade: Infection Without Fever

By ALEXIS DANAN

THE French election of January 2, 1956, with its show of gains for the Communists and, more particularly, with the unexpected spectacular two-and-a-half million vote for the party of Pierre Poujade, brought observers throughout the world to the all-too familiar conclusion that France was now "the sick man of Europe," consigned to a state of chaos remarkably like the one that marked pre-Hitler Germany and led to the eventual devastation of Europe.

France, which harbors no illusions about the state of her own political life, was less disturbed. So far as the Communists are concerned, the results were not unexpected: they won exactly the number of seats they would have had in 1951 but for the technicalities of an electoral law specially designed to deprive them of their rightful representation. This time there could be no effective alliance of the Christian Democrats and Socialists, who had split inside Parliament and went their separate ways to the polls, to operate against the Communists, as there had been in 1951. Numerically stronger than either of their two major opponents, the Communists picked up seats, from here and from there, that were theirs by right. It is incorrect, therefore, to speak of a spectacular Communist gain. Actually, except in a small number of departments, the party of Thorez and Duclos, compared with its showing in 1951, lost an appreciable number of votes

throughout the country. In some places they even lost seats.

So the fifty seats that the Communist party gained (more properly, regained) did not cause the least surprise in France. Even the Communist press did not indulge itself in claiming a great victory, and concentrated instead on urging the parties of the left, especially the Socialists, to join with them and form a popular front majority in Parliament. The Socialist party unanimously declined the invitation; no one wanted to risk a French edition of the "Prague coup." Once the Socialists had refused to join in the popular front, it was not likely that the republican parties would do so. Anyway, given the strength of the Socialist party, and the logic of the situation, a popular front without the Socialists as its pivot would make no sense.

It is clear then that the January election did not add in the slightest to the Communist danger. One of the keenest political observers in France, M. Maurice Duverger, wrote in *Le Monde* the day after the election: "Communism has sounded its loudest note. Electoral results over the last ten years show that it has been stabilized for a long time. The international situation, too, makes it impossible to establish in France a Soviet regime or a People's Democracy."

This truly sums up the situation. Except M. Duverger might have added that this stabilization of Communist

strength is all the more astonishing in view of the fact that a million new voters participated in the elections on January 2nd. The new voters are young people just coming into an uncertain future. They are bitter, and impatient with new formulas, and longing to insure their own destinies. Yet these young people did not swell the Communist ranks, as one might have feared. There is every indication that a very large number of them voted the lists of the Republican Front, and the rest, either the Socialist party of Guy Mollet or the Mendes-France wing of the Radicals.

AND what of Pierre Poujade and his two-and-a-half million electors? It is said that France is courting adventure; parallels have been drawn between the Poujade force and the Nazi aberration—obituary notices for France's foundering civilization. Things must be serious.

Yet it seems to me that Poujadism is but another of a long series of episodes in French political life, each of which in its day brought on the same pronouncements of decadence, of moral degeneration, of an impending imperialist explosion. They were the local symptoms of a general malaise—and we have learned enough about the disease by now to know that almost anything can be said of it except that it is fatal. French know-nothingism has always had a taste for the Great Man; in general it has preferred him to be a soldier. Frenchmen loved Boulanger, with his beautiful pointed moustaches under an oak-leafed kepi. It happened that poor Boulanger had himself none of that spirit of adventure he seemed to inspire in his troops when he rode down the Champs-Élysées decked out for parade. He died like a love-lorn student on the tomb of his mistress in Brussels. After him, France loved Colonel de la Rocque, who was about as able as his higher-ranking predecessor and who strangled the republic every morning in a newspaper no

one read. Then France loved De Gaulle. This one was too intelligent for her, and the last time he left Paris in one of those fits of temper of his, and stormed off to his village in Lorraine, she neglected to call him back. He was far away, and she forgot him.

But these shopgirl infatuations never did express the inner life of the true France.

They have always motivated only a certain part of France, which, though basically bourgeois and petit-bourgeois, has a taste for embattlement and a strong set of anti-parliamentary reflexes. Though there is no common ground between the Poujadists of 1956 and the Nationalists of the time of the Dreyfus Affair, both are animated by the same passion: scorn and hatred for the deputy as the embodiment of a system, the democratic system. In 1900, the deputy was the *chequard*, the dispenser of handouts. Today he is the *pourri* or the *vendu* (grafter). When in February 1934 Colonel de la Rocque failed to carry off the assault on the Palais-Bourbon, he was at the head of a fanatical mob which had not the least idea of what it proposed to put in place of the Republic and knew only that it wanted to "throw the rascals out." De Gaulle, on the other hand, who had a plan of social organization and hoped to restore France to her high rank in the world, was given at best a distracted attention when he formulated his doctrines in a style as striking and substantial as de la Rocque's was the opposite. They listened and cheered only when he reverted to his *leitmotif*: overthrow the system.

The best proof that we have here no genuine and conscious will to return to outlived forms of government is that, with all the diversity of political parties represented in Parliament, there is not one professing its dedication to the idea of a monarchy. For forty years there has not been a single Royalist or Bonapartist dep-

uty in the French Chamber, though the pretenders to both of these crowns have been permitted to return to France. The Count of Paris is not a myth. He lives in France; he maintains offices and a newspaper in which he pontificates on the great problems of the day. He has eleven children, and is hence in the position to be very *sympathique* to the average Frenchman with his highly developed taste for family life. Yet Paris, which was smitten with Mme. Vincent Auriol, Mme. Coty, Mme. Mendes-France, doesn't know the Countess of Paris at all. Though no less passionate than London about the tribulations of Princess Margaret, Paris isn't the least concerned with the affairs of its own princesses, the daughters of the Count of Paris, who are charming, they say. Recently it was announced in the press that one of them was going to marry the young King of Belgium. It was said, it was forgotten.

The truth is that France, solid earthy France, of the provinces, of the countryside, even of certain parts of Paris, abhors change. Many of the districts that compose the electoral map of France have voted exactly the same way for twenty-five years. Any Frenchman, no matter how uninformed, can tell you without a shade of hesitation on the eve of an election what will come out of the balloting-boxes of Normandy, or those of the Nord, of Anjou, Corsica, the Vendée, Lyons. Some districts of Paris, too, can be absolutely counted on. The United States and England change their administrations and the general orientation of their foreign policy overnight. At the most, France changes some of the men inside the traditional parties. But the balance among them stays pretty much the same. The Reds of 1900 are a little more red; the Whites are a little less white; but the relation of forces has remained almost unchanged. There has been a general shift to the left, but there has not been, properly speaking, any fundamental political con-

version, except in western France, where the relaxation of Church control has left the workers and peasants to drift to socialism and Communism. And even here it is only better living conditions they seek and not the substitution of a Soviet regime (of which they have only a very confused idea) for the Republic.

NEVERTHELESS, here are Poujade and his fifty deputies, and we must deal with them. If this is not, as everyone seems to fear, a sudden rise of fascism in France, if it is not a sharp turn toward political adventurism like that of Italy in the 1920's, or like the one in Germany during the 1930's, exactly what does the Poujade phenomenon mean?

It means that there are in France two-and-a-half million malcontents, who are not workers and therefore not likely to entrust their grievances to the workers' parties, but who also have no confidence in the conservative parties that should, on the basis of class affiliation, be representing them. The Poujade victory marks their decision to make an independent show of strength. The evidence that the political force of this movement is one of simple, mindless protest is that the workers' parties, Socialist and Communist, did not lose any votes in this election compared with 1951—the Socialists have even gained some—whereas the conservative parties have lost almost exactly the number of votes polled by Poujade. The disaffection it represents, therefore, operates solely among the bourgeoisie and petit-bourgeoisie. There is no possible error on this point.

Just who voted for Poujade? Tradesmen, artisans, small and middle-sized landowners, and all those indifferently equipped manufacturers who only recently were asked by Mendes-France to reconvert their enterprises if they were not to vegetate or disappear in a world where the future belongs to big industry. These tradesmen, these artisans, land-

owners, manufacturers are not disaffected without reason. They believe that their businesses are still valuable and should be yielding substantial profits. But the state is burdened with an unwieldy budget and exacts its share, and exacts it all the more rigorously when it meets resistance. The social security laws, for instance, more generous in France than anywhere else in the world, impose serious sacrifices on employers. Most of all there are the budget requirements for what is called "the defense of the exterior domain"—a defense both expensive and onerous.

Now, no one is more nationalist in France than the average shopkeeper, than the *petit-bourgeois* who is religiously devoted to the grandeur of his country and its glorious army. What does Poujade say to such a shopkeeper when he undertakes to expose in public the incompetence and political venality of the *pourris*? With the wrath of the righteous he credits them for the tragedy of Dien-Bien-Phu. He accuses them of throwing away the empire, of abandoning one after another the distant possessions of France reddened by the blood of her children. It occurs neither to Poujade nor to the crowds who cheer him that the defense of the empire has to be paid for and that shopkeepers, manufacturers, and farmers have to take on their share. They would have it both ways—and this explains just about everything in the Poujade farce.

It is true that they are crushed by taxes, these people. A great share of their profits, and a large measure of control over their fiscal operations, are exacted by the Treasury, heavy-handed in the knowledge that it has full popular support. Small business is not in good odor in France. It profited greatly, and often under suspicious circumstances, from the German occupation. The quick fortunes it amassed, and as quickly displayed, did little to endear the small businessman to those who for four years had

to make do on their meager allotted rations. (American doctors who came to France with the liberation army found the hospitals of Paris full of cases of malnutrition due to poverty such as had not been seen for years except in certain parts of Asia.) Small business is therefore not in a position to arouse public sympathy for its grievances; public opinion is in fact rather more inclined to clamor for these *nouveaux riches* to pay up.

Small businessmen were thus ready to lend an ear to a scheme for organized resistance to the state, opposition by force to fiscal control, and refusal to pay taxes. And the most determined to hold his ground against the fiscal inquisitor seemed to be Pierre Poujade.

POUJADE is not an economist or man of theories, nor is he a builder of political systems. He is a Frenchman of the loud-mouthed species, a type found in any sub-prefecture and in all the villages of the Midi, holding forth in short sleeves at the bars and bistros in the middle of a circle of idlers. He will generally be greeted with approval if he attacks authority in general; and if he rants more to the point, against the government, against the deputies for being incompetent, corrupt bird-brains who sit turning out laws deliberately subverting the national interest, so much the better. During World War I, this kind of orator became a classic: he was the strategist of the Café du Commerce. With the help of a saucer and a box of matches he used to demonstrate how the General Staff, were it not a collection of pampered nincompoops and traitors, would have encircled the enemy and gone about destroying him. Usually our orator-strategist was an old man crippled by rheumatism or a rejected reservist. And his audience listened deferentially as they emptied their glasses.

Poujade is young and square-should-

dered; he became a leader. He was always known as a brawler, and then one day he became a local hero. In the little village of Saint-Céré, where Poujade owned a stationery store, he bearded the enemy—the eternal enemy in the guise of a functionary, perhaps asthmatic or a little near-sighted, making his rounds of inspection on a bicycle: he refused his account books to the tax inspector. The thing became known. And since nothing happened to Poujade, others risked doing the same. When the inspector came back to the town to investigate the books of one of the local merchants, he found a whole gang of neighborhood tradespeople holding ground in front of the shop and barring him access to it, heroically resisting government intrusion. At first the resistance was silent. Then there were pleasantries. As one might have expected, the “patriots” won the round. Authority walked softly, and from that moment Poujade had won his bet.

The press reported the doings in Saint-Céré without any show of indignation. In this they bear a great responsibility for the Poujade adventure; and when the former man of arms of Pétain and Doriot strikes a pose of bravado, hitches up his pants over his well-fed belly, and rails at the press and the journalists, he is very unjust to them—because he owes them much. Careful for the feelings of all the tax-dodging petty tradesmen among their readers, who are after all more numerous than the functionaries of the Treasury, the press treated Poujade and his lofty accomplishments with an air of amused tolerance. The consequence of this “objectivity” in the press was that Poujade became famous. He was called all over to lend aid and counsel, and collected for himself a following of admirers and supporters throughout France. On November 29, 1953, the Union for the Defense of Tradesmen and Artisans (U.D.C.A.) was founded at Cahors. The movement had become nationwide. Re-

sistance to the treasury inspector spread throughout France. Poujade asked the tradesmen of Paris to close their shops and come to receive his charge in one of the largest halls in the capital. Observers described the audience he harangued for two hours as dressed in furs and jewels. Expensive cars lined the curbs of avenue Wagram. These were the unhappy merchants of Paris, reduced to black misery by the agents of the state, who came to Poujade’s war council.

The dues of the U.D.C.A., at first fixed at 300 francs a year, were soon raised to 1,000 francs. If all the two-and-a-half million voters who cast their ballots for Poujade on January 2nd were members of U.D.C.A., the stationer of Saint-Céré would find himself today in command of a war treasury of several billions. However, we have no precise information on this point. As a matter of fact, some of his early friends have grave things to say about Poujade and his use of funds—one of them has written a ferocious book, *The Poujade Adventure*, and in it has accused him of all the standard abuses of morality—but whether these charges have been, or can be, substantiated is not known.

In any case, the Poujade movement does not lack for money. All it lacks is leaders and a program. That is reassuring.

POUJADE insists he had no intention of running candidates in the election. This sounds reasonable and should be believed. He was compelled to do so, he says, by the decree dissolving the Chamber, which precipitated the elections and left him with no alternative. Whatever the truth of the matter, here he is with half a hundred bewildered deputies in the den of the *pourris*. And it is indeed obvious that he was pressed for time and took whatever came to hand: restaurateurs, grocers, a railroad buffet concessionaire, a student, wine merchants.

A set-up. But for what? We would be flattering Poujade were we to attribute to him profound and well-considered designs for the subversion of this or the destruction of that. He is quite clearly an agitator of the most vulgar kind, overtaken by his own triumph, and now much embarrassed by it, with a program that consists wholly of intimidating the tax collector and barring him from the doors of shops. He had thought his glory sufficiently established, and he wished, that happy man, that the fiscal reform would come as late as possible so that the membership dues of the U.D.C.A. would pour in. Now he is reduced from one day to the next to thinking about the destiny of France, to emitting weighty opinions, and no longer slogans for grocers and fishmongers, under the eye of international journalists who take delight in revealing the lisping genius of the budding statesman—and who have only Poujade. He senses their disappointment and would like very much to meet their expectations. Pirandello proposed six characters in search of an author; in Poujade we have before us a farcical character in search of a serious argument.

If his ticket had drawn only the votes of the 500,000 enrolled members of U.D.C.A., the Poujadists would have come to the Chamber with seven or eight deputies and would have been lost in the shuffle. But there is in France also the floating vote of two million malcontents, always at the disposal of the man with a new broom to brandish at Parliament. And as a result there are fifty Poujadists in the Chamber, as big a force as was at the disposal of the Radicals of Mendes-

France. They will take part in public debates, they will have to take a stand on public issues, and oppose government projects with their own. Aristophanes himself could not have conceived a farce of such dimensions.

POUJADE has been accused of being an anti-Semite, and has been most active in his denials. Among other things, he wrote to the Chief Rabbi of France begging him to reassure the Jewish community. We must remain something less than reassured, however: Poujade has a record on this score as a sincere soldier of the Marshall and his clique, and as a neighborhood tough. But anti-Semitism in France has limited possibilities, particularly now, but even when it had the Gestapo apparatus behind it; and France today is beset with such overwhelming problems, that even an anti-Semitic demagogue could not offer his goods to the French public for their solution and get away with it.

There is only one danger: that Poujade might lend himself to use by others, to serving the designs of sharper people, the Communists, for example, or the former collaborators who want to revenge themselves on the Republic, or the colonials who dream of reconquest of the empire and implacable repression.

If the republic deserves to survive, she will soon show herself able to manage the Poujade episode in the proper manner, that is, by means of intelligent social and political action, and above all, without taking this minor irritant too seriously.

Book Reviews

Koestler's "Final Solution"

By S. SHUNRA

THE TRAIL OF THE DINOSAUR, AND OTHER ESSAYS, BY ARTHUR KOESTLER. Macmillan. 253 pp. \$3.50.

NOT so long ago, shortly before Israel became an independent state, a story was current in Palestine regarding an idealistic American Jewish young lady who had come there to help in the "up-building of the Jewish national home." After a few years of devoted labor she became somewhat impatient at the snail's pace of the "redemption" and confided to a friend, "I wish we could get this country built up quickly so that I could go back home to Cleveland."

Arthur Koestler, too, joined Zionism for the duration only. He says: "I felt that it [his Jewish descent] committed me morally to identify myself with the Zionist movement, as long as there was no haven for the persecuted and the homeless. The moment that Israel became a reality I felt released from this commitment, and free to choose between becoming an Israelite in Israel or a European in Europe. My whole development and cultural allegiance made Europe the natural choice. . . ." Unlike ordinary soldiers, Mr. Koestler decided for himself when the duration was over and awarded himself an honorable discharge plus a few medals for consistency, courage, logic (everybody who disagrees with him is out of step). It's all over, so far as he is concerned. "Now that the state of Israel is firmly established," he glibly remarks, Jews have no right "to place the burden of the ominous knapsack [Jewishness] now void of contents on their children who have not asked for it." Not only does Koestler feel that he can with a clean conscience proceed to vote with his feet and leave that double nuisance of Jewishness and Zionism for more diverting fare, he has some straight-

from-the-shoulder advice for all other "nondescript" Jews—those who are not Orthodox: Go to Israel or assimilate without delay, not for your own sake so much, as for the sake of your children. Do it systematically and quickly. Anti-Semitism is an ever-present danger. "To expect that it will end in the twenty-first century is to go against historic and psychological evidence, against the law of cause and effect. It can only be brought to an end by Jewry itself. But neither President Weizmann nor any of the Jewish leaders of our time had the courage to face this fact and to speak out openly."

How achieve this much desired end of assimilation? It is very simple. Let the children of non-religious Jewish parents be brought up like the children of the majority and in whatever doctrines the latter are indoctrinated. If you don't believe in Jewish dogmas, what difference does it make whether your child is instilled with another set of dogmas in which you equally disbelieve? Let's be broad minded about it, he says, and, in any case, the basic ethos of Judaism has already been incorporated into Western culture. But above all, above all, it is urgent to make haste. "The Jews must get away from the specter of extermination. It is imperative that the Jews should face up to their responsibilities to their children, whatever the wrench to their own feelings." "And if we accept the fact that anti-Semitism is not a transient phenomenon, then this sacrifice [of identity] imposes itself to a much higher degree in the case of the Jews than, say, in the case of Italian emigrants to the United States." Will the Western world consent to the arrangement? "I am certain that by and large the Gentile world will welcome wholehearted Jewish assimilation," Koestler assures us.

In short, Koestler repeats the traditional tragic Jewish cry: "*Yidn, ratevet zich!*"

That he employs a logical contradiction, that it is impossible to save ourselves through self-destruction, doesn't trouble him much. Koestler is not averse to a paradox, and in this instance, whatever may be said against his logic, there is no denying that his motives are humanitarian in the highest degree.

One could go on flinging irony at Koestler's reasoning, his exaggerations, his misstatements, the dogmatism of his assertions. One could point out condescendingly that his attitude is very young, partaking of the exuberance of a member of a college freshman debating team who has "proved beyond a doubt" whatever his thesis happens to be. One might also suggest that his brash assertions reflect a mood ostensibly long discarded by him, the mood of the convert to a new ideological faith who takes its dicta as revelations.

BUT it is not the purpose of this review to debate with Koestler. Whatever the immaturities of his reasoning in his essay "Judah at the Crossroads," the fact remains that the dilemma which he so lightly solves to his own satisfaction is very real. Jews are at a historical crossroads, and seem to suffer from a strange malady. Unlike ordinary victims of amnesia, Jews (the non-Orthodox ones) have not forgotten their identity but seem to have lost the thread of the meaning of this identity. This is obviously an unhappy condition giving rise to many anxieties. It may not be far-fetched to say that Jews of today, those in the free countries where they are at liberty to articulate their thoughts, are in a state of shock as a result of the events of the past dozen years, and old psychological and ideological props have lost their power to reassure. The knapsack of Jewishness of which Koestler speaks is not, as he maintains, void of contents; it is the relative value of these contents that is now uncertain. For this reason we see much groping and much irritation. We hear much vague talk of "our heritage," and "Jewish values," and "our hallowed traditions" which are never clearly defined. We see a much advertised return to temple and synagogue that many competent

observers insist is a seeking for the reassurance of companionship, rather than a resurgence of faith. Israelis are irritated with Diaspora Zionists for their indecisiveness and ostensible inconsistency, and the latter, in turn, are irritated at being pressed to the wall and having their confusions exposed publicly.

Under these circumstances it is only natural that many nostrums and patent medicines should appear on the market, each claiming to be a cure-all and at the same time threatening dire consequences if other remedies are resorted to. The American Council for Judaism threatens Jewry with terrible results if it does not at once renounce all sympathy for Israel (and presumably, like themselves, take up the cause of Nasser to prove its sincerity) and thus obviate all possible suspicion of dual allegiance; but the ethics of the Mosaic faith are quite safe, they tell us. Koestler, perhaps due to his more direct experiences with the potentialities of Western civilization, insists that "*Ethnic assimilation is impossible while maintaining the Mosaic faith; and the Mosaic faith becomes untenable with ethnic assimilation* (author's italics)." In this regard he is on solid ground, a job half done being always inferior to one completed. Though, considering his tender concern for the future miseries of Jewish children, it is to be wondered that he does not offer the still more thorough solution whose finality would indeed be irreversible: that our generation of Jews should cease having children altogether. Some Israelis have—or until recently had—an answer of their own: let all the Jews come to Israel at once. The ultra-Orthodox, on their part, relegate all those of lesser piety to the outer confines of darkness and enclose themselves in a tight little ghetto. They do not recognize Israel, or Conservative Jews, or Reform Jews, or any other kind of Jews besides themselves—these are all *goyim* to them.

Beset by so much good advice from all sides, the mass of Jewry proceeds to muddle along in its confusions. Granted, the spectacle, esthetically speaking, is not always an edifying one, and Koestler and

his like have additional self-righteous justification for turning away in disgust from a people who are stubborn, insist on being "otherly" without being able to define it, and refuse such excellent and humanitarian advice, even risking their children's lives and welfare for the sake of vague memories and traditions, and a destiny whose outlines are blurred.

KOESTLER has gained considerable renown, if not for profundity then for a facility to articulate in a readable and sophisticated vein the moods fashionable among the intelligentsia. In the present instance, too, his essay is more important because of the mood it reflects—a mood of irritability and impatience with a historic pattern and a tendency to easy solutions. For if Koestler had stopped to think seriously on the subject, it would have easily occurred to him that one does not solve a mystery woven into the fabric of the history of Western civilization for thousands of years with the trivial solutions employed in a mystery story. Having employed Freudian symbols and concepts in his own writings on many occasions, he would have realized that a studied effort to repress conscious material, Jewish identification for instance, such as he now suggests, can only lead to serious neuroses in the future, negating all the good that he aims to attain by this repression, and coming to the surface generations later with still greater compulsiveness than that which marks the Jew's clinging to his people and history now.

Unwittingly perhaps, Koestler has treated the intellectual reader to a bit of none too original fantasy on a very complex and tragic subject. Like so many others before him, he exclaims melodramatically: "The mission of the Wandering Jew is completed; he must discard the knapsack and cease to be an accomplice in his own destruction." But the story of the Jew is not yet completed, nor can it be hurried to a premature end. Others, with power to enforce their will, have tried to do so before, unsuccessfully. The story develops according to its own logic. The "Great Return" can not be postponed when its time comes, nor can it be hastened at will.

Nor is Koestler unaware—if I am not mistaken—of something once known in radical circles as The Law of Unequal Development. What applies today to Jews in Yemen, or North Africa, or Eastern Europe does not necessarily apply at the same time to Jews in America or England. The "knapsack" of which he speaks is not ours to drop at will, and attempts to do so are likely to incur a price greater than that of carrying it. Barring a renunciation of life itself, we are left with little choice but to continue carrying its burdens, lightening them whenever possible and steering a clear course, whenever vision permits.

Class, Status and the American Right

By MARSHALL SKLARE

THE NEW AMERICAN RIGHT. Edited by DANIEL BELL. Criterion Books. 239 pp. \$4.00.

THIS book constitutes an analysis of the political events of the past few years, and especially of the phenomenon which has come to be known as "McCarthyism." The editor and the individual authors are strong opponents of Communism; they are also anti-McCarthy, though they vary a good deal in their political predilections. Whatever their position, however, the refreshing thing about *The New American Right* is that it is not in the general genre of liberal writing. True, the authors are against sin, but they are also interested in doing more than indulging in a remembrance of things past or in cataloguing cases in which people have been discharged from their jobs because of far-fetched charges, or have suffered injury by virtue of nasty rumors spread by hateful neighbors. Rather, the papers collected by Mr. Bell constitute a serious and insightful attempt to analyze—rather than lament—negative features of American life and politics during the past decade.

Though most of these essays were previously published and so not written especially for the present collection, all of the authors seek to do much the same type of thing. What they are after is to uncover the origin and motivation of the "new

American right"—that constellation of reactionary forces which attacked the Roosevelt and Truman administrations as having been constantly pro-Soviet, which charged that the Democratic party was the party of treason, and which advocated the modification of traditional American freedoms. Why did such notions, the authors ask, gain a hearing? Why all the hate? Why was the hand of brother raised against brother? Why did Americans have such difficulty in distinguishing dissent from subversion?

The explanation which has generally been given for the anti-democratic trends of the past decade has been that Americans were fearful of Communism. Ambitious and unscrupulous politicians, seeing an opportunity to gain a following, exploited the fear and thus aggravated an already difficult situation. Essentially, then, the American people—motivated by their fears and misled by their leaders—were led into a questioning of some of our basic civil liberties.

There is, of course, some truth to this line of thinking, but it has its difficulties; and it far from satisfies the editor and his collaborators. They realize that McCarthyism grew during a period when America was prosperous as never before. They ask: Why, during prosperity, should there emerge the type of strife and hatred which recalls the terrible days of the depression? The American system apparently works. Why, then, should not the political atmosphere have been filled with a feeling of satisfaction with our accomplishments and with confidence in our future as a nation?

As if the whole question of timing were not disturbing enough, the character of the *dramatis personae* in the conflict is even more inexplicable. This time, those who would modify traditional American freedoms were not the "malefactors of great wealth," the "Liberty Leaguers," the "Wall Street crowd," or the "Sixty families." Many informed individuals, and all of the contributors to *The New American Right*, have been stimulated to a rethinking of traditional schemes of explanation by the results of the study conducted by

Prof. Samuel A. Stouffer of Harvard, and published under the title *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties*. Prof. Stouffer found that it is the well-born, the well-educated, the prosperous, in short the community leaders, who tend to uphold American ideals of freedom. It is rather the "man on the street" who would seek to block someone from making a speech against religion, who would seek to remove from library shelves books that advocate government ownership of public utilities, and who would approve the jailing of an admitted Communist and the revocation of his citizenship. Stouffer found, for example, that 85 per cent of the prosperous professional and business people comprising the leadership group in local communities would allow an individual who favored nationalization of industries to speak in their town, but that only 58 per cent of a cross-section of the American population felt the same way. "There is little doubt," say the authors of one of the articles in *The New American Right*, "that in the United States the rights of dissidents and of Communists are protected primarily by the powerful classes who accept the traditional norms under which a democratic system operates . . . the upper and better educated strata are more likely to be tolerant of dissent, and to recognize the need for civil liberties than the workers, the farmers, and the less educated."

EXPLANATIONS of American politics, then, in terms of the privileged vs. the underprivileged, were found to be misleading and outdated. How outdated the old formulations actually are is suggested in the provocative and even vituperative essay by Peter Viereck: "The intellectual liberals who twenty years ago wanted to pack the Supreme Court as frustrating the will of the masses . . . and who were quoting Charles Beard to show that the Constitution is a mere rationalization of economic loot—those same liberals today are hugging for dear life that same court and that same Constitution, including its Fifth Amendment. They are hugging those two most conservative of 'out-

dated' institutions as their last life preservers against the McCarthyite version of what their Henry Wallaces used to call 'the century of the common man.'

Thus the liberals embrace the very institutions that they previously questioned, the masses are more reactionary than the classes, and witch-hunting came just at the time when the American family began to think about the possibility of owning *two* cars instead of one. And to confound matters even further, the reactionaries of the late '40's and early '50's do *not* exploit minority groups as scapegoats. The Negro makes greater strides than ever before. Jew-hatred as a public issue is almost absent from the political scene; McCarthy seeks to avoid the taint of anti-Semitism. What European reactionary worth his salt would have done the same, particularly in view of the "... rather large and conspicuous participation of Jewish intellectuals in the fellow-travelling of the 1930's," as Prof. Parsons puts it?

The academicians represented in *The New American Right* (Lipset and Hofstadter of Columbia, Parsons of Harvard, Viereck of Mount Holyoke, Riesman of the University of Chicago), as well as Nathan Glazer and the editor, Daniel Bell, have searched for a framework within which all of these curious and disturbing facts may be fitted. The most suggestive notion they come up with is an idea alluded to in part by Samuel Lubell some years before—the notion designated by Lipset as "status politics." Lipset claims that there have been two fundamental tendencies in American politics, "status politics" and "class politics." He points out that our traditional conceptualization of political affairs has involved a division of opinion between those who favor the retention of the status quo and those who wish change—change in the direction of a redistribution of wealth and privilege that would favor the common man. But this, he says, is class politics. What we are now involved in is quite a different kind of animal: status politics. Status politics involves (1) the desire of individuals who belong to disvalued groups to raise themselves in the esteem of others, and (2) the

desire of those who belong to valued groups to maintain their honorific standing.

Time and again the authors stress that while our ethnic groups have risen classwise, they feel that they do not belong, they experience anxieties about their status. How do they go about getting a sense of belonging? They suggest that the technique which has been employed is to attack those who are well-born and well-bred. But the Anglo-Saxon, the Harvard-educated, the urban sophisticate is not charged with being the recipient of privilege, but rather with being "soft" on Communism and thus not entitled to the esteem of his fellows. For instance, most of the contributors to the volume believe that the factor of status anxiety explains the fury of the attack on Dean Acheson. According to them, Acheson was the perfect symbol; he typified all of the things that his opponents were not, and could not hope to be. As Lipset states the matter in discussing the Army-McCarthy hearings: "The celebrated Army-McCarthy hearings vividly presented to a national television audience the differences between the McCarthyites and their moderate Republican opponents. Every member of McCarthy's staff who appeared on television, with but one exception, was either Catholic, Jewish or Greek Orthodox in religion, and Italian, Greek, Irish or Jewish in national origin. The non-military spokesmen of the Eisenhower administration, on the other hand, were largely wealthy Anglo-Saxon Protestants. In a real sense, this televised battle was between successfully mobile minority ethnics and, in the main, upper-class Anglo-Saxon Protestants." Hofstadter also puts the matter cogently: "... in the minds of the status-driven it is no special virtue to be more American than the Rosenbergs, but it is really something to be more American than Dean Acheson or John Foster Dulles—or Franklin Delano Roosevelt." Irony of ironies, it is not Brooklyn College or City College which come in for the bulk of attention as a hotbed of radicalism. Rather it is Harvard University, stereotypically identified as the school of the bluebloods. The attack on

loyalty, then, is a mask for the attack on status.

So much for the problem of people who wish to *raise* their social status by denigrating those who were born with all of the advantages. What are the groups who strive to *maintain* their standing? The authors claim that they are frequently the *nouveaux riches*. The Texas millionaires are seen as supporting the "new right" because they are insecure about keeping their recently gained wealth. According to the authors, such men contrast with the Eastern capitalists who have evolved an aristocratic conservatism and have come to accept trade unionism, social security and the graduated income tax. Then there is another group of the insecure, the small businessmen who are squeezed by the growth of big business and who—unlike the "fat cats"—are unable to pass on the cost of social reform to the consumer. In cases where these people are of old American stock, they feel threatened by the newly arisen ethnics.

THIS concept of "status politics" is the most suggestive notion in the book. But there are other interesting things, for example, the idea that while the new American right claims to be conservatism incarnate, it is really a thoroughgoing kind of radicalism. The real conservative wishes for continuity with the past; he upholds centers of traditionalism like the army, the universities, the churches and the bureaucracy. The way in which the spokesmen for the "new right" have delighted in finding fault with these institutions, and the method by which they sow suspicion about them, would lead one to the conclusion that this group is radical in its orientation rather than conservative. Richard Hofstadter writes: "...[the new American right] can most accurately be called pseudo-conservative . . . because its exponents, although they believe themselves to be conservatives and usually employ the rhetoric of conservatism, show signs of a serious and restless dissatisfaction with American life, traditions and institutions. They have little in common with the temperate and compromising

spirit of true conservatism in the classical sense of the word, and they are far from pleased with the dominant practical conservatism of the moment as it is represented by the Eisenhower Administration. Their political reactions express rather a profound if largely unconscious hatred of our society and its ways . . ."

Many other notions in the book are merely suggested and not fully explored, and even the central idea of class and status politics would seem to require some further specification. Furthermore, we are left to wonder as to why McCarthyism subsided at precisely the time in which it did. In any case, the publication of *The New American Right* will have been useful if it stimulates academicians (and particularly political scientists, who, incidentally, are not represented in the volume) to the necessary empirical research. The advantage of the book will lie in its seminal value; unless it becomes outdated within a decade, it will not have served its purpose.

The Revenge of Middle East Oil

By JON KIMCHE

THE MIDDLE EAST, OIL AND THE GREAT POWERS, BY BENJAMIN SHWADRAN. Frederick A. Praeger. 500 pp. \$7.00.

IN THIS valuable and instructive book—by far the best yet to deal with the history of Middle East oil—Benjamin Shwadrان does raise the fundamental issue at the root of the problem of Middle East oil in 1956, and also at the root of such related questions as that of the Great Power objectives in the Middle East, or of Israel's future foreign policy orientation, but he raises it only in the last few sentences of a massive study. It would be unfair to demand of Shwadrان a full treatment of this issue: the terms he set himself were for the writing of a "straight" history of the struggle for oil in each one of the oil-bearing countries of the Middle East, and this he has done with an industry and thoroughness which will leave

students of the Middle East indebted to him for years to come.

But now, in 1956, it is impossible to evaluate the role of Middle East oil without going beyond straight history and defining fundamental questions. Let me explain:

Shwadran sees the Middle East as the region which "must be held by the West as a vital strategic base and as an invaluable source of petroleum with which to oil a possible future war; conversely, it must not be allowed to fall into the hands of the enemy." And he concludes with what he considers to be the ultimate test of the success or failure of the Western powers, and of the oil companies in the Middle East: "Will the peoples of the area be ready to fight and hold the region for the democratic world?"

He does not answer his own question, but he does express his conviction that the West and the oil companies "have failed to utilize the oil resources to develop the peoples of the region for a real democratic way of life which would prepare them as a decisive force in the ultimate test".

These are, I fear, no longer valid assumptions. They belong to an age that has gone—that is, if they ever had any validity, which is questionable. It was this preoccupation with the strategic importance and defensive capacity of the Middle Eastern peoples that led British policy into its latter-day ruin through an endless—and hopeless—search for the ideal defensive alliance.

FOR the past ten years the Americans have been following in these British footsteps. Beginning with the Truman Doctrine and ending (?) with the Baghdad Pact, the primary objective of U.S. policy in the Middle East was to organize the region for defense against a Russian attack that never came, but instead left it wide open for the "attack" which did come in Egypt and elsewhere.

Shwadran too, accepts this line of policy and blames the West and the oil companies for failing to mobilize the Middle East on the side of the West.

Here, I believe, he is mistaken. The Middle East of the 1950's could no longer be relied on to fight for the West; alliances or the wise distribution of oil royalties and profits could no longer breach the gap between Arab demands and the Western capacity to supply. The interests of the Arab Middle East, its outlook and its aspirations were no longer reconcilable with those of the West or those of the oil companies.

This is the root of the Middle East oil dilemma of the Western powers.

For not only do the interests and aspirations of the peoples of the Middle East, at least those of the Persians and Arabs, run counter to those of the West; these peoples have the whip hand over the West despite the great disparity in political power and influence. For in 1956 (and still more in 1960) the West will need the oil-producing Middle East more than the Middle East will need the good will of the West. Shwadran mentions in passing this dependence of Western Europe on Middle East oil supplies, but he does not underline sufficiently the degree to which this has become the very crux of the problem. It has turned Western Europe, and especially Britain, into an almost helpless, nervous hostage of Arab good will: nothing must interrupt the flow of oil. It is no mean flow either—2½ billion dollars worth in 1955, and an estimated 5 billion dollars worth of crude oil from the Middle East to Western Europe by 1960. And Western Europe and Britain are becoming more, not less, dependent for almost all their crude oil on the Middle East and on Arab good will. It is the measure of the West's diplomatic weakness, if not of its actual helplessness.

THIS Western status of "oil satellite" of the Arab Middle East is also reflected in the increasing assertiveness of Arab diplomacy; and it is here that we get the first real glimpse of the parting of the ways between the West and the Middle East. Arab aspirations have crystallized around the agitation for complete independence from western political, econo-

mic or military control and influence. Even the more undeveloped sheikhdoms on the Persian Gulf are showing signs of restiveness.

If anything was still required to emphasize the now unfavorable balance in the West's power relationship to the oil countries of the Middle East, then this, too, has recently happened in the Soviet Union. There, it is becoming evident, the extent of the oil discoveries in the "second Baku" (in the Ural-Volga basin) has brought about a shift away from the exposed Soviet oil fields near the frontiers of Turkey and Persia. Already last year the "second Baku" produced 40 million tons of oil as compared with only 17 million tons in the original Baku. In 1960 the new fields are scheduled to produce some 115 million tons compared with the 15-million-ton scheduled output of the once all-important Caucasus fields.

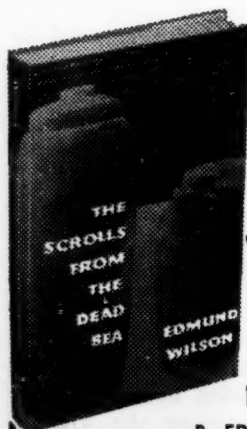
Ten years ago the Russians were fearful for their limited and exposed oil fields. ("Beria tells me that saboteurs, even a man with a box of matches, might cause us serious damage. We are not going to risk our oil supply," Stalin said to Bedell Smith in 1946.) But now, ten years later, this anxiety has disappeared. Russia's Middle Eastern policies are no longer inhibited by undue fear for her exposed oil position.

Shwadran is therefore justified in his claim that the policies of the Great Powers in the Middle East cannot be dissociated from their interest in its oil. And it is against the 1956 background that his fact-packed book ought to be read. For unlike other books on Middle East oil, this is a book that can be read, and ought to be read, by all the politicians, publicists and propagandists who talk contemptuously of "oil politics," and denounce oil development in the Middle East as something indecent and evil. Middle East oil is as essential to Western Europe as Texas oil is to the United States.

Shwadran tells the history of the rise of the oil companies factually and fully. His sources are monumental: thirty-three pages of bibliography, with some six hun-

dred and fifty listed items. Yet there are surprising omissions, especially of British material which would seem to be essential for a balanced judgement. For example, Harold Nicolson's *Curzon* is omitted from the Lausanne Conference literature, and from the 1919 account of relations with Persia; the invaluable *Petroleum Press Service* is not among the list of periodicals. More discrimination in these bibliographic references would have made them more valuable.

But this matter of Anglo-American balance is something more than reference to all available printed sources. When it comes to writing contemporary history, books, magazines and reports rarely tell the whole story. The strange case of the British seeing to it that no Americans started drilling in Northern Persia is a typical example. This had nothing to do with commercial rivalries, as would appear from the printed records, but a great deal with a report to the War Office by its oil expert which said that drilling in



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North Persia might drain away the underground sources of supply of Baku oil. The Russians could not take this lying down.

THIS over-reliance on American sources—and especially printed sources—also produces the oddly apologetic account of the American role in the Anglo-Persian oil crisis of 1951. Shwadran refers to critical British press reports about the activities of the American oil companies and to the part played by George C. McGhee in “the Iranian oil drama.” Here was an opportunity for an authoritative record based not so much on written records as on the comparatively easily available first-hand evidence. But he chose not to avail himself of the opportunity, and the result is a disappointing account of the U.S. role at the decisive moment.

I do not like to underscore these shortcomings, for they are far outweighed by the immense store of information that the book has made easily accessible. In a sense this is the history to end histories of Middle East oil. What we need now is analysis and careful assessment of these past developments together with the new ones that are making their portentous entry on the scene.

For the signs all point to the one inescapable conclusion, that the privileged position of the Western oil companies in the Middle East is high on the agenda of the Asian revolution. Persia in 1951 was a forecast of the urge for complete independence at no matter what price. This unmistakable revolutionary trend cannot be bought off by higher royalties or other sacrifices; it may not even be delayed by them.

This, then, is the great dilemma. The West needs Arab good will and Middle East oil; but neither can be bought any longer on the lines practiced in the past and so vividly described in this book.

The West, which means the Western oil companies and governments, will have to evolve a new relationship with the Middle East governments to ensure the uninterrupted flow of oil to Europe in 1960. And the price the West will have

to pay seems to depend on the nature of its approach.

The companies may endeavor to put off the evil day by offering first to satisfy Arab demands in other directions and so seek to retain Arab good will a little longer. Hence the pressure from these quarters for concessions by Israel, for loans from the World Bank, and for arms from everybody for the Arab arbiters over the oil. But anyone who has his hand on the pulse of Arab politics, especially that of the younger student generation, cannot miss the acceleration that every western concession produces. It increases Arab self-confidence and undermines the West's bargaining position on that day of the new settlement with Arab nationalism.

Just how much is at stake in this changing situation will be better understood for Benjamin Shwadran's enlightening presentation of the facts of oil in the Middle East.

The Century of the Common Child

By HERBERT HOWARTH

ASH ON A YOUNG MAN'S SLEEVE, BY DANNIE ABSE. Criterion Books. 200 pp. \$3.00.

IN HIS early thirties, Dannie Abse is a doctor and a poet. He has had two volumes of poetry published in Britain, though not, I think, in America. His disposition has till now been predominantly that of a poet; *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve* is his first major venture in prose. Like much first prose from a practicing poet it tends to be a hybrid: the narrative style is a poet's style, with all that entails of good and bad for a novel.

No reader will easily escape the impression that the book is autobiography, even though a preliminary note declares that it is not, or at least that it is not straightforward fact-reproducing autobiography inasmuch as “events and characters have been thoroughly fictionalized.” It grows out of the experience of a Jewish boy born and brought up in the Welsh city of Cardiff, belonging to a family that keeps its traditions, mixing at

school, at play, and in the first intellectual searchings of adolescence with Gentile boys and girls, learning a little of their ways while they learn a little of his, and reacting with them to the impact of the political events of the decade before the war.

The brief, glancing pages represent a movement from the almost completely unconscious stage of early boyhood to the almost completed formation of consciousness at the end of the school years—for the narrator and for his friend Keith. The unconscious era is the era of quarrels and insults—but quarrels at that age can, by the intimacy they compel, be the beginning of friendship, and the differences the beginning of understanding. Keith's father has wasted his talents in drink, his mother has died, whereas the narrator has the security of his mother and the lively, bickering, and therefore always close family circle. In this and other matters the two boys seem to complement each other. They share their first, realistically shy interest in girls; they share a reaction against the religious conventions around them, whether Jewish or Christian, and a sketchy atheism which makes Rabbi Aaronowich comment, "All boys of sixteen become atheists . . . it is part of their future religious orientation"; and together they stage their first private political revolt against the assumptions of their parents and teachers. In their last year at school they go on a camping holiday together, and Keith falls in love with a married woman, hopeful that she loves him until he overhears her comment, "I'm no good as a mother-substitute." When the war brings the air-raids to South Wales, Keith is killed in his blitzed home.

IN THIS novel Dannie Abse attempts a correlation of two aspects of civilization, the local (the personal, the remembered detail) and the international. On the one hand, he reports the scene of which he has actual experience: Cardiff, the mining villages, the sea-coast, the middle-class garden, the back streets, the cinema, and against this setting he puts the living business of eating bulls-eyes or chips, playing cricket and football, going

errands. On the other hand, there is the greater world "beyond," the world of the League of Nations, Franco's war, Hitler's war. To separate these two worlds is, we all know, false: our local world *is* that world beyond; but knowing, we all act as if the separation were real—a way of acting that has distressed literature and the humanities for a long time. Dannie Abse makes a courageous attempt to bring the two a shade closer together, to show their intersections. He describes a memorial meeting for a Cardiff boy who has died fighting in Spain; and for a page lives the events on the battlefield. He describes how the news of the fate of German Jewry under Hitler filtered into the Jewish household in Cardiff and made its bewildering impact: that leads him to a chapter reconstructing Grynspan's assassination of von Rath. He introduces these reconstructions, and uses a montage technique to summarize rapidly the calendar of world events.

Yet he does not succeed with these devices. Because they are so obviously worth attempting, one is inclined to speak highly of them. The fact is that the performance is unsatisfactory. The writing is artificial, and so they add to the tedium which, for all the distinction of the book, is always just about to creep in—and which only one quality keeps at bay.

That is a quality of feeling. To start with, it is humor. The pages crackle with a quick vitality when the author describes his family, gently catching the comedy of the dialogue in the family circle, with its retorts and magnificent illogicalities. Then there are the paragraphs about Uncle Isidore who won't do any work:

"He went around all my relations' houses to receive a silver coin and grumble. It wasn't even as if he were a religious man. He just lived that way and the rest of the time he would read at Cardiff Central Library, or return to his dingy bed-sitting-room and play his violin. Not that he was a competent musician. On the contrary, he would scrape the easy bits and whistle the difficult phrases. That was his philosophy and his life."

Perhaps Isidore fades out a little too

early in the book, but a memory of him lingers, for he was by soul an artist, and thus he is the spiritual ancestor of his youngest nephew, of the author himself. Best of all the creations in the book is Uncle Bertie, whose motto is "Nobody insults our family and lives." There are three full-length portraits of Uncle Bertie: at the height of his prowess when he fights a boxing champion; on the threshold of disintegration when he shoots a cat in the name of Great Art; and disintegrated, in the postwar years, when he continues to hope for the return of his son who has been killed. Through this we see how the author's vitality begins in humor but culminates in pity. Just because it moves along the scale of emotions it is vital.

In his poetry Dannie Abse gives priority to pity. I have read in manuscript a verse-play of his, *Fire in Heaven*, in which there are unbearably poignant scenes, and throughout an allegiance to pain and pity. The pity for man's predicament, weaknesses, and determination to wound, shows again and again in *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*. Yet pity alone is too often simply noble and general, a little too normal, a little too belated, to make the highest literature. And on the other hand humor, though lively and agreeable, seems to come easy to many Jewish writers, who know that the world delights in the warmth and sharpness of Jewish dialogue and the tenacity of the Jewish character. When the humor is active in combination with the pity, these unlike virtues function together beautifully and with utter propriety. This is the glint of hope in the poet's still unsuccessful prose.

PERHAPS, too, there is a question for the author of a happier selection of material. For every writer of childhood reminiscence there remains the problem of striking the balance between memory and memory of feeling: what he felt was almost always immense, and the thing he felt it about almost always disproportionately trivial. We have had fifty years of literature wrestling with this problem. Ours has in fact been the Century of the Common Child. Literature and the em-

pirical studies of the psychologist have marched *pari passu* in the exploration of the formative effects of the sights and sounds of childhood. Many writers have woven work, especially first novels, around those sights and sounds, apparently believing that if they can represent the associated emotions with something of their original power they will (a) help themselves (b) interest and help others who have had similar experiences. It is almost certain that they help themselves, but not equally certain, unless completely independent forces come up in support, that they help, far less interest, others. The more common the literature of childhood reminiscence becomes, the feebler its interest. As if aware of this and also of the difficulty of reconciling the flimsiness of incident with the resultant strong emotion, writers strain to win interest by virtue of their language, to represent the emotion nearly onomatopoeically with adjectives or sequences of adverbs like Dannie Abse's "helplessly hopelessly." A poet writing his autobiography is perhaps pronest of all to these tricks. But this effort falsifies emotion and embarrasses us.

It may be added in passing that there are probably three ways in which childhood reminiscence can still be treated interestingly: not in prose at all, but in poetry; or in tight, spare prose, provided that the material is good enough (though it seldom is); or in a supra-real, contrived, symbolic or allegorical narrative. But on the whole, the genre has been thoroughly well worked, has long since yielded up its limit, and should be rested for a while.

DANNIE ABSE is exceedingly gifted, and despite these failures of language and vision shows a real sense of the possible and the desirable. There is more to come from him. In fact, a second work in prose, a "straight" novel, is reported to be already with the printer. And there is a fund of feeling to supply many later books. But before that, or in the course of it, his difficulties as poet-novelist must be overcome—for the sake of employing his perceptions with that special power that appears to be latent in him and that he himself most wishes to uncover.

From the Four Corners

(Continued from page 4)

tivity by Cecil Roth, it portrays the brief if chequered history of the Jews of England before the Expulsion of 1290. Until the Norman Conquest, Jews could be found in various cities, and many administrative documents were exhibited showing the medieval life of Anglo-Jewry, including a photograph of the "Jew House" in Lincoln. Probably the sign over that quaint dwelling is being retained for its picturesque value but I could not help but feel, as some days earlier I stood before that house, where a ritual murder was alleged to have taken place, that the sign still had a scarifying presence about it.

The exhibition started with medieval English history, taking in the life of the Jews from 1066 to 1290. The first item is a Domesday Book recording a four-pence transaction between a "son of Manasses" and an Englishman named Bletchington. It is the first historical record, and it also notes characteristically that Manasses was fined "for holding land without the king's permission." The material for this period is almost completely restricted to the financial activity of Plantagenet Jewry, to whom every profession and occupation except that of money-lending was forbidden. In the Magna Carta, presented as item 9, there is a paragraph stating, "If anyone who has borrowed from the Jews any sum, great or small, die before the loan be repaid, the debt shall not bear interest so long as the heir is under age, whosoever tenant he be; and if that debt fall into our hands, we will not take anything except the principal sum contained in the agreement."

Another item in this category is the "Roll of Issues of Exchequer," showing groups of figures caricatured on the walls of a castle. There is a three-faced portrait of Isaac Jurnet of Norwich, the wealthiest Jew of his day. Below him, to quote further, is "Jewess, Avegaye" (Abigail), and Mosse Mokke, perhaps her husband, wearing the Jewish medieval spiked hat. Behind him is another Jew weighing coins. Devils (labelled Dagon and Colbif) attack the Jews.

A special category called "Hebrew Mss, Rabbi Moses' Legal Decisions" is a com-

pilation of various rabbinical decisions, including those of Rabbi Moses of London. It contains discussions of the grounds for divorce and the legality of eating fruitcake made by Gentiles. One of the most intellectually depressing documents is "The Dialogue of Moses and Peter." In this, Peter Alponsi holds converse with his pre-baptismal self, Moses Sephardi. Converted in Spain, Alponsi journeyed to England and became the doctor of Henry I. His "Dialogues" have been a controversial source for post-Biblical studies of conversion.

IN THE section called "The Expulsion And Its Aftermath (1290-1655)" there are forty items showing how the Jews fared after the Expulsion. Many of them underwent conversion but secretly remained Jews. The "Domus Conversorum," a writ issued by Henry III and on exhibit here, guaranteed a home and income to the baptized Jews remaining in England after the Expulsion. This is to all intents and purposes the dead end period in Anglo-Jewish history. Nevertheless some signal services were performed by Jews, especially by the Anes family, who worked as intelligence agents for England. Spanish archives show that Dr. Hector Nunes, a member of the Anes family, warned Sir Frances Walsingham of the sailing of the Spanish Armada. Another famous Jew was Dr. Rodrigo Lopes, physician to Queen Elizabeth. Item No. 54 is a bound volume of twenty manuscripts, papers showing the adventures of Samuel Palache, a Jewish privateer, who had been the Moroccan ambassador to The Hague. Later he armed a ship to fight pirates preying on Dutch shipping and managed to put a Portuguese and an English pirate ship out of business.

The chapter dealing with "The Readmission" is one of the most fascinating in the whole collection, covering the activities of Menasseh Ben Israel, Rabbi of Amsterdam, and physician, printer and scholar as well, who visited England to appeal to Cromwell. Without doubt, messianism was in full swing at this time. A Jewish traveler named Antonio de Montezinos, who had journeyed to Ecuador in 1641, claimed to have evidence that certain native tribes were practicing Jewish rites; and Menasseh Ben Israel, in his book, *Mikveh Yisrael*, offered this

as proof that the Messianic Age was beginning. But of even greater interest are the documents addressed to Cromwell and Cromwell's letters in reply readmitting the Jews into England.

In a section called "The Earliest Synagogues and Institutions of Anglo-Jewry," we go from 1656 to 1742, during which time English Jewry was finally and firmly bedded in the social and political soil of England. There is the first synagogue in Creechurch Lane in London; and a painting by a Spanish Jew named Aaron De Chavez that hung in the synagogue. De Chavez was the first Jewish artist in England, and his theme was the Ten Commandments.

Then we go to "Sephardim and Ashkenazim" (1701 to 1870). There is a letter dated 1760 from Haham Isaac Nieto to the Jews of China, whom he wishes to help. This section in the main confines itself to the growth of Sephardi and Ashkenazi synagogues and the community life of the English Jews during that period. There is a lot of material on rituals in the synagogue as well as early prayer books and Bibles, and examples of silver *rimmonim* and scrolls. On exhibition, too, are vestments and apparel used in the early synagogues, and circumcision chairs, ewers, lavers, and chanukah lamps.

THOUGH an attempt was made to keep the exhibition in some kind of chronological sequence, many items overlapped. The section called "From Toleration to Emancipation (1658-1858): Jews and Their Neighbors" detailed the contributions that English Jewry made to music and the stage; to medicine, painting, literature, economics, banking and trade; and, oddly enough, to boxing, for David Mendoza, who made a distinct contribution to boxing as an "art," was an English champion in 1789 and is still considered a national hero.

This chapter develops the main thesis of the exhibition, though it takes into account, too, some of the crack-pot and anti-Semitic undercurrents. When the Alliance Assurance Company was founded by Nathan Meyer Rothschild, Moses Montefiore and Benjamin Compertz, this set off a campaign of anti-Semitic caricatures; one of them shows Rothschild as

a fireman, with obvious intent; another plays on the theme of the "Jews Walk," a place where Jewish brokers congregated at the Royal Exchange. But aside from giving the devil his due in occasional nasty portraits and clichés, English society was soon to bring to an end second-class citizenship for Jews. Great men were emerging. There was Dr. Haim Samuel de Falk, the "Baal Shem of London," represented with a photograph of his house in Wellclose Square and two manuscripts. Other notable figures were David Ricardo, the economist, and Benjamin Goldsmid, the builder, friend of Lord Nelson, in whose house Nelson slept before he went off to Trafalgar. By the time Disraeli arrived, English Jewry was on the way to feeling at home, politically and socially.

The last one hundred years are better known, and the second half of the exhibition dovetails in space the contributions and varied facets of Jewish life and times. A section is devoted to the Yiddish Press, which seems to have had its day and is gradually disappearing, like its counterpart in the United States. One salient item is a poster called "The Jewish Tailors' Strike," which took place during 1889, with the strikers calling for a twelve hour day and time and a half for overtime—obviously quite an advance sixty-seven years ago.

A thousand great names virtually leap from out the catalogue, including Duveen, Zangwill, Rothenstein, the Sassoons, Viscount Samuel, Epstein, Dr. Ludwig Mond, the father of Lord Melchett. At the end we have the Balfour Declaration and sundry items detailing the personalities of the Zionist movement.

Poets, novelists and painters added their special virtues to the culture of England; and though the exhibition did not pretend to show the nature and the extent of their work, there is enough good taste and dignity in the overall conception to make this a lasting memory and an event. Of course, an enormous amount of work had to be left out; but with the part standing for the whole, England and the Victoria and Albert Museum should rightly be proud of this exhibition of man's humanity toward his fellow man.

Not a Real Beginning

By MIDGE DECTER

HILL 24 DOESN'T ANSWER is a movie now showing in New York about the Israel War of Independence. It was produced in Israel, but largely, I think, with an eye to its export value: the language is English, with only an occasional scattering of Hebrew, and the whole movie has a stiff expository quality, as if addressing itself to the world outside. There are, for instance, several poorly timed speeches rehearsing the old arguments for a Jewish state and one almost unendurably long rendition of "*Im Eshkacheich Yerushalayim*" sung by wounded soldiers in the Old City at the moment of greatest suspense, when the Arabs are about to break in. But unlike all the other movies we have seen from Israel—the documentaries and propaganda shorts and even such a truly moving "free lance" as Meyer Levin's *My Father's House* of a few years back—it has certain pretensions to cinema art, to the use of practiced film methods and symbols for carrying its special meaning.

It has not entirely succeeded in being "merely" a movie, in telling a story that makes all its own points, but then it has not entirely wanted to, either. There is a great dramatic convenience in shifting back and forth, as *Hill 24* does, from saying things to having them said for you by the already hardened sentiments of the audience, sentiments really irrelevant to the movie though they may be set off by something in it. This is the convenience of leaving an impression, or drawing a conclusion, without having to be explicitly responsible for it.

Hill 24 Doesn't Answer says a great many things it takes no responsibility for. In fact, the only things it admits saying are a few 20th-century maxims: Every nation has the right to self-determination; It is better to be brave than cowardly, but heroism can take many forms; God can be found in the most surprising places, etc., etc. We know there is a great deal more being said than this. We know it because we feel so much more, because as Jews it is senseless for us to pretend that we can be concerned with individual heroism or the romantic love of a British policeman for an Israeli girl or even the successful completion of a military mis-

sion—in and for themselves. We are people who take our protection and our self-justification wherever we can find them, and we know that every simple object of art carries a secret dimension of purpose just for us.

The producers of *Hill 24* know this about us, too. They know what the sight of a boatload of illegal immigrants, sloshing through the water in the dead of night, must do to us. Or a long procession of old bearded Jews leading little children by the hand and carrying their household goods on their backs. And even if these sights have nothing to do with the movie, add no weight to its motivations, make no real comment on its internal progress, there is still time for them. Indeed, there is a terrible pressure of hurry to find time for them: we are to be spared nothing.

I do not think the time has yet come for us to be spared. We have our memories, we have our tortured loyalties, and our feelings about them are right. But in the case of this movie we are touched unfairly, cheated, in fact. Our feelings are supposed to cover for understanding—to fill in those empty places on the screen where faces should be, all the individual faces with their own attitudes that have been left out or kept in shadows because to see them would make *Hill 24* a particular story about particular people and thus make it an object of judgment.

SO THE taking of a strategic hill, on the night before the armistice, becomes an act of moral grandeur. I should say, even the taking of a strategic hill, for the side of Israel, becomes an act of moral grandeur. Not that anybody pretends it is, or says it is—not even the army officer who assigns four soldiers to the mission. But after all the soft-spots of our worry have been touched, for the new country, for the immigrants, for ourselves, anything done for Israel gets to be part of an undistinguished mass of righting a great wrong. The movie makes it clear, or makes us feel we know, that for Jews there is only one way to be right, and for others only one way to be decent.

In taking the hill the four are killed. We are never told how; they are shot, presumably, by snipers in the night. (We do not even see them after they begin their ascent; at the top of the hill, let's say—

were they frightened? Victorious?) Their death doesn't matter. We are told before the movie ever begins not to be concerned about what happens to them, although they are almost the only characters in the story: as a background to the credit announcements the camera plays slowly and meticulously over their bloodied corpses lying in various attitudes up there on Hill 24. They are not people, neither alive nor dead, but merely arguments for their own fitness to be where they are.

One of the soldiers is Finnegan, an Irishman who defects from the British Palestine police to join the Israel side when he falls in love with a Jewish girl. There is no suspicion in the scenes depicting their growing love and his defection, or in the response of his army comrades to whom he tells the story, that the pursuit of a girl might be a less seemly reason for becoming an Israeli hero than some other kind of commitment. All reasons have equal weight because they all lead to the taking of Hill 24. Then, too, as a British policeman Finnegan had once given a drink of brandy to a wounded illegal immigrant instead of turning him in. One act of decency to one Jew must entail all the rest. The ethos of *Hill 24 Doesn't Answer* dares only take account of the decency that leads to the ultimate. Goodman, the boy from Brooklyn, stumbles around on a casual tour of the country trying to clarify his Zionist position, trying to understand, getting caught in his worry for the salvation of Jews, and finally stays to fight and get wounded in the Old City. Goodman is the only American tourist in the movie.

IT MUST be true that in a battle the only thing you can know simply and for sure is who your friends are—they are the people shooting for the same target as you—and never quite simply and never quite for sure who the enemy is. Often you can't even see him; often the dirt and discomfort, and the pain, seem gratuitous, as they do to Goodman in Jerusalem. The very best thing in *Hill 24* is a brilliant streetfighting scene in which a group of Israeli soldiers are on a night raid in the Old City carrying supplies to a besieged synagogue-hospital; they go, running for a moment, taking cover for a moment, through those wonderful old

dark twisted streets, and all the while the enemy is a kind of maddening shadow spitting bullets down from a second-story window. This movie was made "behind the lines"; it never sees the enemy face to face. It barely names him. So far as I can remember the first mention of "Arabs" is made more than half way through, when the announcement comes that the Jews are to be evacuated from the Old City. (It is in this same scene that we are given the one and only close-up of an Arab face: a dark, handsome face with black eyes and moustache, classic, and absolutely composed.)

Of course, there is never any question of identifying the enemy. We know the Jews are fighting Arabs, and we know why: because the Arabs want to drive them out, into the sea—and we know the Jews' rights in the matter. But this is *politics*. The confusion of politics and battle psychology is a dangerous confusion indeed. There is an episode in the Negev in which David Amiram, the sabra, goes to take a wounded member of the Arab Legion prisoner and when he gets a look at the man discovers he is not an Arab but a German, an ex-SS officer. It is a matter of historical fact that some Nazi adventurers made their way into the Arab Legion, but why should it seem so natural, so logical, for *Hill 24* to come upon one of them in its only scene of personal confrontation with the other side? It seems so natural because there is a special Jewish instinct that regards every man standing opposite, in whatever way and for whatever reason, as the same enemy and puts the same ugly club into his hands. It is an instinct we cannot defend ourselves against—history itself would fail us here—and cannot temporize with: it is a simple, inexorable given. But a state, an army, a war, these are things that exist in another kind of world, the world of decisions, of politics, in fact—the world whose very triumph might be that it forces us past our instincts into the place where hard distinctions have to be made and where Arabs, even bent on our destruction to the last man, could never be confused with Nazis. The Jews agreed to undertake the moral risks of this world when they made themselves a state and then defended it in a bloody war. The movie was not prepared to undertake a single such risk. It finishes off

the Nazi (*cum* Arab *cum* anti-Semite *cum* enemy *cum* Other) in a curious way: he is wounded, and as he pulls himself up straight to deliver a stream of the usual cheap anti-Semitic epithets he falls dead from his own exertions. (Why in the name of God, we keep wondering, does Amiram not shoot the man, or jump at his throat?) "Let me tell you about the only argument I ever won by keeping my mouth shut . . ." is Amiram's comment later.

Hill 24 Doesn't Answer wins its argument by keeping its mouth, and its eyes, shut. We are left with the certainty that our enemy is indivisible and, what is more terrible, except at close range indistinguishable. And we are left with an aching will to survive. But these are old, old feelings with Jews; anything at all will suffice to evoke them. What is supposed to be new about us, or more to the point, about the new Jews of Israel, what we are supposed to have of this, our victory, their victory on our behalf, we do not discover.

The producers had a strange inspiration; at the end of the movie they flashed on the screen the words "The Beginning." But judging from what we had just seen, the beginning of Israel was not the beginning of anything, not even the possibility for new kinds of terrors. A curious breed of Jews, these, who turn out to be just like the rest of us and do not seem to know it.

"Mysterious Calls of the Past"

By MURRAY POLNER

NOT long ago I called on Koreshige Inuzuka, president of the Nippon-Israel Friendship League, at his home in Tokyo. One of his European admirers had proudly announced to me some time before that the League was four hundred strong. "We're not like the other mercenary Jewish Friendship groups," my informant insisted. "We want sincere people who are interested in history and science." I asked him to arrange a meeting with Inuzuka and two days later found myself going up a steep hill on the city's outskirts to the president's home.

I followed my map (foreigners travel only by map and diagram in Tokyo) and finally came upon an inked sign, tacked

to the front gate of a house and printed in large block letters on ruled composition paper, reading "Nippon-Israel Friendship League."

The house was typically Japanese, with its sliding doors and matted floors. As I removed my shoes in the anteroom a woman wearing a kimono appeared, bowed deeply, smiled broadly and said, "I am Mrs. Inuzuka. It is a pleasure to have you in our home." She was slim and graceful, in her middle forties and obviously comfortable with the English language. "I am," she volunteered suddenly, "a university graduate. I have studied English."

She led me past several darkened rooms into a large main room which looked out over a tiny garden protected from the street by a six-foot bamboo fence. A man was seated on a pillow at a low table in the center of the room nibbling at some cookies and drinking tea. I bowed low in greeting. He quickly rose and bowed equally low. "I am happy to meet you," I said. "*Konichiwa*—good afternoon," he called out.

"Inuzuka San?" I said.

"No, no," he cried, waving his hand before his face.

"No," the woman grinned.

They broke into Japanese for a few moments, then burst out laughing. "He is not my husband," she said slowly and with careful articulation. "He is our friend, an editor. My husband will be here soon."

I was invited to be seated, and when my hostess left the room I stared at my companion. He stared back at me. We smiled politely at each other and from our cross-legged positions simulated several more bows. My companion then began to read a newspaper that had been lying under the table. I looked at the walls which were adorned with the stark photographs of Emperors in formal poses and mustached little men holding swords and wearing tight fitting, bemedaled clothes. Hanging incongruously among them was the portrait of Theodor Herzl and a barely distinguishable map of pre-Israel Palestine.

I thought back to the briefing I had received the night before from several League members. Between 1939 and 1942 Inuzuka, I was told, had rescued several hundred rabbis and yeshiva stu-

dents as well as the editor of the Shanghai *Jewish Chronicle* from anti-Semites among the Japanese and Nazi agents. He had also, my briefers said further, fought the Nazi agents who had tried to incite White Russian emigrés against the Jews. "Our policy was to find friends among enemies," one of the members recalled. "Inuzuka's ultimate goal, you must realize, was to establish a haven in the Orient for Jews."

Another Japanese member of the League spoke in shrill, accented English, punctuated, oddly enough, with Yiddish phrases. He told me that as commander of the northern Philippines after the war, Inuzuka had been detained for possible arraignment as a war criminal. "Our president was saved, *danken gott*, by a letter from very important Jews. A few years later," he cried with visible emotion, "our League was born!"

I turned toward my companion, but he had slipped out through a small side porch that led to the garden. Mrs. Inuzuka came in and poured me some whiskey. Her husband strode in briskly after her. I rose, shook hands and went into an abbreviated and self-conscious bow. He failed to reciprocate. On that steaming Tokyo summer afternoon Inuzuka was dressed in white except for a green short-sleeved sport shirt. He looked like a professional officer and though in his early sixties, he was still well-built and alert. "I hope that you have met my wife," he said in rapid but broken English. "She is a very active member of our League." The lady smiled. "She has studied Hebrew," he said. "Unfortunately she had to cease since the only available dictionary was Hebrew-English and not English-Hebrew." He nodded to her and she said: "I was also editor of the *Zion-Herald*, our League's publication. But it didn't last. We did not have sufficient funds." Would I care to see a copy? I was shown a two page bilingual paper of large handbill size. This particular issue featured articles on "Mysterious Calls of the Past," "History and Standpoint of the League" and "Study of Japan and Israel." I was also shown scores of newspaper and magazine articles in Japanese, all circled in red ink and all about Inuzuka.

INUZUKA sat down and took a jigger of whiskey. "Only for medicinal pur-

poses," he said flashing his amiable smile. Suddenly he turned and removed two oversized albums from a bookcase. "Please," he said, "I always make one request of my visitors. I ask them to trace the outline of their fingers into this album and write some appropriate message. Would you be so kind?" Carefully I placed my fingers on an empty pink page and began to trace them; then, accompanied by more smiles and a torrent of well wishing I plunged into my inscription: "To the Inuzukas—with best regards."

"You want to know about our organization," my host paused to take some sugar-powdered candy. I waited patiently until the sweets had been swallowed. "When I was a young man I had a vision. Not an ordinary vision. I was a naval officer and survived a maritime explosion. I had experience with the Bolsheviks and came away deeply impressed with their Jewish support. I also conducted a long and penetrating study of your Hebrew prophets, and I swore to myself to become a prophet in the new age. I started my work when I was a captain in His Imperial Majesty's Navy and convinced certain ministry people to support my psychological warfare program among Shanghai's Jews. My life mission is to weld Japanese industry, Jewish capital and Indian culture into a world brotherhood and a Japanese-Jewish Atomic Energy Asia Development Company."

"Why," I asked, "do you include India?"

He chuckled modestly. "My personal intellectual contribution has been the insistence that India, a repository of ancient culture, can serve a constructive purpose in this brotherhood and further strengthen our bloc's potential arbitrational capacities between America and Russia. Anyway," he added, "Japan and Israel have the same origin, because," he said, patiently smiling, "the weight of scientific and historical evidence is in accord with their blood systems and fingerprints."

"I have heard," I said, "that some League members believe one of the Ten Lost Tribes found its way to Japan. Do you support that theory? And how about their current search for the bones of Moses in Japan?"

He parried the question for a moment. "The League lends no encouragement to

what it does not actually do or espouse itself. Nevertheless, there is no evidence either to support or to disprove the theory or the quest. In any event," he changed the subject, "did you know that Lafcadio Hearn was Jewish by birth?" I did not. I only knew that Hearn, an expatriate writer who had settled in Japan at the beginning of the century, was the son of an Irish Army captain and a Greek princess. Inuzuka went on, "Although Hearn never mentioned his Jewish origin publicly he did confide the truth to Professor Abe who, in turn, told it to me. Incidentally, are you aware, young man that Abe is also a Jewish name?"

At this point my former companion, the editor, came into the room. Mrs. Inuzuka brought the decanter to him and began pouring him a drink. She noticed Inuzuka reaching into his back pocket, and she straightened up and clasped her hands to her bosom. Inuzuka pulled out a shiny object. He handed me a silver cigarette case for inspection. It was dated PURIM, 5701 and was inscribed from the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of the United States to "Koreshige Inuzuka, in gratitude for service to the Jewish people."

Fedayin

THE *Fedayin* (Self-Sacrificers) are part of the National Guard of Egypt. At first these commando units were used to fight the British in the area of the Suez Canal. When the British evacuated the Suez zone, the *Fedayin* were transferred to the Gaza strip to spearhead the attacks on Israel. *Fedayin* units consist of volunteers for three months. Most of them are ordinary folk, and only a handful are students. They are commanded by officers of the regular Egyptian army. Last March residents of the Gaza strip and Arab refugees were also inducted into the organization, but there were not enough Palestinian volunteers, and the units were brought to full strength in an original fashion. The prisons of the Gaza strip were combed for strong arm elements who were promised especially favorable terms (15-20 Egyptian pounds a month, as against the 4-5 pounds paid to regulars in the army of Egypt). In this manner the quota was soon filled. But the Egyptian

authorities did not keep their promises and a wave of desertion set in. The authorities thereupon resorted to raids in the market place of Gaza. Peddlers without license were given the choice of serving a term in *Fadayin* or spending a long term in jail.

Mahmud Ben Hassan Farhud is a convinced *Fadayin*. He is thirty-five years old, married and father of five children. For a while he served as a sentry in a frontier outpost in the Gaza strip. On August 28 he, together with seven others, was called before an Egyptian army officer who explained to them that it was not fitting for *Fadayin* to do sentry duty when "more important assignments wait for them." They were ordered to form two groups of four. One group was to cross the border into Israel at Beit Hanun and to fire on traffic on the highways in the Migdal district; the second group was to mine the roads and was supplied with five mines. Mahmud's unit went North and spent a night and a day hiding in the vineyards. When it became dark, they approached the main Migdal road. They opened fire on one car, then went southward. Suddenly they were challenged in Hebrew and they scattered and ran. Fire was opened on them and Mahmud was wounded in the leg and taken prisoner.

Ha'aretz

Death of a "Peacemaker"

YOSEF COHEN, self-appointed "peace emissary" between the Arab States and Israel, was shot to death in no-man's-land near the Musrara quarter in Jerusalem.

Cohen, aged 30, did not attempt to cross into Jordan but apparently went to sleep near the Jordan side. He was found lying on a blanket, with another thrown over him. A small white flag was stuck in the ground near his head. He had been shot three times at close range, possibly point blank, by Arab Legionnaires. His body was discovered by the Jordanian authorities and was handed over to the Israel authorities by U.N. officials. It was taken to Ziv hospital, where a *post mortem* was performed.

Cohen arrived in Jerusalem two weeks ago on a walking tour "from Metulla to Elath." He left Metulla at the beginning

of October at a leisurely pace, stopping at each large village and town, where he demanded food and shelter. Wearing a pith helmet, riding breeches and a wide belt from which hung a camera and mountaineer's rope, he became a familiar figure during his stay in the capital.

He tried without success to see various persons, including the President and General E. L. M. Burns, Chief of Staff of the U.N. Truce Supervision Organization, who he believed could facilitate his

passage across no-man's-land. Once in Jordan, he said, he would arrange to be received by King Hussein and would open peace negotiations.

He leaves a wife and four children in Yad Eliahu, near Tel Aviv.

When he was asked why he had abandoned his family, he said that they would be well taken care of after he became famous for making peace between the Arab states and Israel.

Jerusalem Post

Recent Books

New States and International Organizations, A Report prepared on behalf of the International Political Science Association for UNESCO, by Benjamin Akzin. New York. Columbia University Press. 200 pp. \$2.50.

A study of the problems confronting newly independent states in their relations with international organizations, by a professor of the Hebrew University.

The Philosophy of the Church Fathers, Vol. I: Faith, Trinity, Incarnation, by Harry A. Wolfson. Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University Press. 663 pp. \$10.00.

An exciting and important contribution to the study of Judaic, Christian and Greek thought on problems of religion and philosophy.

The Development of Academic Freedom in the United States, by Richard Hofstadter and Walter P. Metzger. New York. Columbia University Press. 506 pp. \$5.50.

An intelligent and sober history of the development of the concept and problem of freedom in American academic life, from the early denominational college through the gigantic mass-education universities of today.

God in Search of Man: A Philosophy of Judaism, by Abraham Joshua Heschel. New York. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 426 pp. \$5.00.

An attempt at a systematic but still joyful philosophy of religion for contemporary Jews.

Molding Society to Man: Israel's New Adventure in Cooperation, by Esther Tauber. With a Preface by Dr. Horace M. Kallen. New York. Bloch Publishing Co. 151 pp. \$1.50.

A social and ideological history of the kibbutz movement in Palestine-Israel.

An End to Dying, by Sam Astrachan. New York. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 246 pp. \$3.50.

A first novel by a very young writer about Jews who come to America from Russia, displaying an admirable, if not altogether successful, refusal to make do with the old clichés on the subject.

The Magic Background of Modern Anti-Semitism: An Analysis of the German-Jewish Relationship, by Adolf Leschitzer. New York. International Universities Press. 213 pp. \$4.00.

An interesting discussion of the witchcraft mania components in the Nazi hatred for Jews, drawing literal parallels with the medieval persecution of witches.

Six Keys to the Soviet System, by Bertram D. Wolfe. Boston. Beacon Press. 273 pp. \$3.75.

An analysis of Soviet totalitarianism from 1940 to 1955, by a foremost expert on Soviet history and ideology.

Gideon Goes to War, by Leonard Mosely. New York. Scribner. 256 pp. \$3.50.

A biography of the strange and striking Orde C. Wingate, puritan British general who was a hero of both the British war against the Japanese and the Jewish struggle against the Arabs.

Open Every Door, by Zelda Popkin. New York. Dutton. 379 pp. \$3.95.

Autobiography of the popular lady journalist-novelist.

Something About My Father and Other People, by Charles Angoff. New York. Thomas Yoseloff. 366 pp. \$4.50.

A collection of short stories previously published in American magazines.

Book Reviewers and Contributors to this Issue

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In Forthcoming Issues

Jew and Negro
by Leslie A. Fiedler

•

Is Israel a Zionist State?
by Eliezer Livneh

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